

THE
VVOMAN
HATER,

OR THE
Hungry Courtier.

A COMEDY,
*As it hath been Acted by his Majesties
Servants with great Applause.*

Written by

{ FRANCIS BEAMONT }
AND
{ JOHN FLETCHER. } Gent.

Second Edition - Second Issues

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at
his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in *St. Pauls*
Church-yard. 1649.

THE
WOMAN
HATER

OR THE
TRUTH
A COMEDY
As it hath been acted by the
Students of the Great Theatre

Written by
FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER

LONDON
Printed for Iohn Iohnson, and are to be sold at
his Shop in the Strand, at the Sign of the Gun
in the Year 1633.

The Prologue to the Woman-hater, or the

Hungry Courtier.

Ladies take I do a secret in your Eye,

In stead of homage, and kind welcome here;

I heartily could wish you all were gone;

For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.

Alas! you now expect the usuall wayes

Of our addresse, which is your Sexes praise:

But we to night, unluckily must speake,

Such things will make your Lovers Heart-strings breake;

Bely your Vertues, and your beauties staine,

With words, contriv'd long since, in your disaine.

'Tis strange you stirre not yet; nor all this while

Lift up your Fannes to hide a scornfull smile:

Whisper, or jog your Lords to steale away;

So leave us i'th' Act, unto our selves, our Play:

Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue

Your patience to endure an Act or two:

Nay more, when you are told our Poets rage

Pursues but one example, which that age

Wherein he liv'd produced, and we rely

Not on the truth, but the varietie,

His Muse beleev'd not, what she then did write;

Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight

Sor'd high, and to the Stars, your Sex did raise;

For whored, full Twenty yeares, he wore the Bayes;

'Twas he reduc'd Evandra from her scorne,

And taught the sad Aspacia how to mourne;

Gave Arethusa's love a glad reliefe,

And made Panthea elegant in griefe;

If those great Trophies of his noble Muse,

Cannot one humor 'gainst your Sex excuse

Which we present to night; you'l finde a way

How to make good the Libell in our Play:

So you are cruell to your selves; whilst he

(Safe in the fame of his integrity)

Will be a Prophet, not a Poet thought;

And this fine Web last long though loosely wrought.

THE

The Epilogue to the *Woman-bater*, or the *Hungry Courtier*.

THe monuments of Vertue and desert,
Appear more goodly when the glosse of Art
Is eaten off by time, then when at first:
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst
We have done our best for your contents to fit,
With new paines, this old monument of wit.

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Millaine

Gordanio, The Woman-Hater

Count Valore, Brother to Oriana

Lucio, A foolish Femall Statesman

Arigo, A Courtier attending the Duke

Lazarillo, A Voluptuous Smell-feast

His Boy.

A Mercer, A City-Gull, Periously in Love with Learning.

A Pander

A Gentleman, Instructor to Lucio

A Secretary to Lucio

Two Intelligencers

Servants.

Oriana, The Dukes Mistress

An old deafe Country Gentlewoman

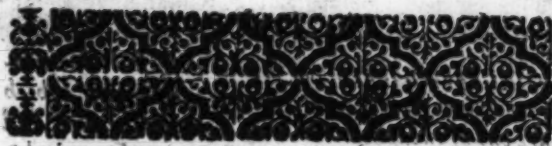
Ladies

Madona, A Courtezan

Fraciscina, One of her Wastcote-wayters.

The Scene Millaine.

THE



The Prologue.



Gentlemen, inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verse is as stale as a black Velvet Cloake, and a bay Garland: Therefore you shall have it playne Prose thus: If there be any amongst you, that come to he are lascivious Scenes, let them depart: for I doe pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-peny Gallerie men, you shall have no baudery in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in Corners, with Tablebookes, who have some hope to finde fitt matter to feede his ——— mallice on, let them claspe them up, and sinke away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play, meanes to please Auditors, so he may bee an Auditor himselfe hereafter, and not purchase them with the dearenesse of his cares: I dare not call it Comedie, or Tragedie; tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh, how it would please you, is not written in my part: For though you should like it to day, perhaps your
A 2 selves

The Prologue.

selfes know not how you should digest it to morrow : Some things in it you may meete with, which are out of the common Raade : a Duke there is, and the Scene lyes in Italy, as those two things lightly wee never misse. But you shall not finde in it the ordinarie and over-worne trade of jesting at Lords and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them : such, be that made this, thinks vile, and for his owne part cower, That hee did never thinke, but that a Lord Lord-borne might bee a wise man, and a Courtier an honest man.



The VVoman Hater.

ACTVS. I.

SCENA.

Enter Duke of Millaine, Arrigo, Lucio, and two Courtiers.

It is now the sweetest time for sleep,
the night is scarce spent; *Arrigo*
what's a clocke? *Arrigo*

Arrigo Past foure.

Duke Is it so much; and yet the morne
not up? *Arrigo* Yes, it is so much.
Se yonder where the shamefild maiden
comes

Into our sight, how gently doeth shee slide,
Riding her chaste cheekes, like a modest
Bride,

With a red vail of blushes; as if shee, drawn
Ere such all modest vertuous women be.

Why thinkes your Lordship I am up so
soone?

Arrigo About some waightie State plot.

Duke And what thinkes your knighthood
of it?

Arrigo I doe thinke, to cure some strange
corruptions in the common wealth.

Duke You are well conceited of your selves
to thinke

I choose you out to beare me company
In such affaires and businesse of state; *But* yet
But am not I a patterne for all Princes,

That breake my soft sleepe for my subjects
good?

Arrigo Very provident.

Duke Nay, knew you how my serious
working plots

Concern the whole estates of all my sub-
jects,
And their liues; then *Lucio* thou wouldst
swear,

I were a loving Prince.

Lucio I thinke your grace intends to walke
the publique streets disguised, to see the
streets disorderd.

Duke It is not so.

Arrigo You secretly will crosse some other
states, that doe conspire against you.

Duke Weightier farre, than in thought
You are my friends, and you shall have the
cause.

I breake my sleepe thus soone to see a wench
Lucio You are wondrous carefull for your
subjects good.

Arrigo You are a very loving Prince in
deed.

Duke This care I take for them, when
their dill eyes

Are clos'd with heauie slumbers.

Arrigo Then you rise to see your wenches?

Lucio What *Millaine* beautie hath the
power to charme her Soveraigne eyes, and
breake his sleepe?

Duke Sister, to *Count Valore*; She's a
maide

Would make a Prince forget his throne and
state.

And lowly kneele to her: the generall fate
Of all mortality is hers to giue.

As she disposeth, so we die and liue.

Lucio My Lord, the day growes cleare, the
Court will rise.

Duke We stay too long, is the *Embranoes*
head, as we commanded, sent to the sadde
Gonsalues, our generall?

Arrigo Tis sent.

Duke But stay, where shines that light?

The Woman Hater.

Arrig. 'Tis in the Chamber of *Lazarillo*.

Duk. Lazarillo ? what is he ?

Arrig. A Courtier my Lord, and one that I wonder your grace knows not : for hee hath followed your Court, and your suit pleceffors, from place to place, any time this seven yeare, as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-pans have done, and almost as greedily.

Duk. O we know him, as we have heard, he keeps a kallerder of all the famous dishes of meat, that have bin in the Court, ever since our great Grandfathers time ; and when he can thrust in at no Table, he makes his meate of that.

Lucio. The very same my Lord.

Duk. A Courtier callst thou him ?

Believe me *Lucio*, there be many such About our Court, respected, as they thinke, Even by our selfes, with thee I will be plaine : We Princes do use, to preferre many for ho-theries, and to take particular and free know-ledge, almost in the nature of acquaintance of many ; whom wee doe use onely for our pleasures, and to give largely to numbers ; more out of pollicie, to be thought liberal, and by that meanes to make the people strive to deserve our love ; then to reward any particular desert of theirs, to whom wee give : and do suffer our selves to heare flatterers, more for recreation. Then for love of it, though we seldome hate it :

And yet we know all these, and when wee please, Can touch the wheele, and turne their names about.

Luc. I wonder they that know their states so well, should fancie such base slaves.

Duk. Thou wonderest *Lucio* : Do'st not thou thinke, if thou wert Duke of *Milaine*.

Thou should'st be flattered ?

Luc. I know my Fort, I would not.

Duk. Why so I thought : Till I was Duke, I thought I should have left me no more Flatterers, then there are now plaine dealers ; and yet for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered : the poore man may loath coverousnesse and flattery, But Fortune will alter the minde, when the winde turnes :

there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the byllowes before it.

Arrig. It growes late, for see faire *Thais* hath undone the barres To *Pharis*, hee, and his univall light, Hath chas'd the mornings modest blush a-way :

Now must wee to our love, bright *Paphian* *Queene* :

Thou *Cytherean* goddesse, that delights In stirring glaunces, and art still thy selfe, More trying then thy teame of Sparrowes be ;

Thou laughing *Erecha* O inspire Her heart with love, or lessen my desire.

SCENA II.

Enter Lazarillo and his Boy.

Laz. Goe runne search pry in every nook and Angle of the kitching, larders, and pasteries, know what meate's boyl'd, bak'd, rost, stew'd, fri'd, or sows'd, at this dinner to be serv'd directly, or indirectly, to every severall table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I runne, but not so fast, as your mouth will doe upon the stroke of eleven.

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he did give him a good stomach ? what unbounded graces there are pow'd upon them, that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings ? 'Tis an excellent thing, to be a Prince, he is serv'd with such admirable varietie of fare ; such innumerable choise of delicates, his tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his cubards heavy laden with rich wines ; his Court is still filled with most pleasant varieties : In the Summer, his palace is full of greene geese ; and in winter it swarmeth woodcockes ;

O thou Goddess of plenty Fill me this day with some rare delicates, And I will every yeare most constantly, As this day celebrate a sumptuous feast, If thou wilt send me victuals in thine honor ? And so it shall be bidden for thy sake, Even all the valiant knights in the Court : All more look'd Knights, and all crosse-garter'd Gentlemen ;

The Woman Hater.

All pompe and pantofo, foot-cloth riders ;
With all the swarming generation
Of long-stocks, short-pain'd hose, and huge
stuffed doublets :

All these shall eate, and which is more then
yet

Had ere beene seene, they shall be satisfied
I wonder my Ambassador returns not :

Boy. Here I am Master. *(Enter Boy.)*

Lara. And welcome :

Never did that sweete Virgin in her smocke,
Fairst cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the rock
Her yvorie limbes were chain'd, & straight
before

A huge Sea monster, tumbling to the
shoare,

To have devour'd her, with more longing
fight

Expect the coming of some hardy Knight,
That might have quail'd his pride, and set
her free,

Then I with longing sight have look'd for
thee.

Boy. Your *Persius* is come Master, that
will destroy him,

The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster hunger from your yelping gurs

Lara. Briefe boy, briefe, discourse the
service of each severall Table compendi-
ously.

Boy. Heres a Bill of all Sir.

Lara. Give it me, A Bill of all the sever-
all services this day appointed for every
Table in the Court;

I, this is it on which my hopes relye.
Within this paper all my joyes are clos'd :

Boy open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. For the Captaine of the Guards
Table, three chynes of Beefe, and two jolls
of Surgeon.

Lara. A poorly service, but grosse, grosse,
presented to the Dukes own Table, deare boy
to the Dukes owne Table,

Boy. For the Dukes owne Table, the head
of an *Ymbraus*.

Lara. Is't possible? can Heaven be so
propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, he assure you Sir, 'tis possible,
Heaven is so propitious to him.

Lara. Why then he is the richest Prince
alive :

He were the wealthiest Monarch in all Eu-
rope,

Had he no other Territories, Dominions,
Provinces, Seats,

Nor Pallaces, but onely that *Ymbraus* head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet Sir, the fish
was taken but this night, and the head as a
rare noveltie appointed by speciall com-
mandement for the Dukes own Table, this
dinner.

Lara. If poore unworthy I may come to
eat

Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blinde huswife Fortune will bestow
But meanes on me) to keepe a sumptuous
house,

A board groning under the heave bur-
den of the beasts that cheweth the cudde,
and the Fowle that curtheth the ayre : I shall
not like the table of a country Justice, be-
sprinkled over with all manner of cheape
Sallets, sliced Beefe, Giblets, and Petticoes,
to fill up roomes, nor should there stand any
great, comberlome, vncut pyes at the
nether end fill'd with mosse and stones, par-
tly to make a shew with, and partly to keepe
the lower messe from eating, nor shall my
meat come in sneaking like the Circu-
service, one dish a quarter of an houre after one
another, and gone as if they had appointed
to meet there, and had mistooke the house,
nor should it like the new Court service
come in, in haste, as if it faine would be gone
againe, all courses at once, like a hunting
breakfast, but I would have my severall
courtes, and my dishes well fill'd, my first
course should be brought in after the anti-
ent manner, by a score of old beere-cy de
Sirvingmen, in long blew coates, (marry
they shall buy lilke, facing, and buttons
themselves) but that's by the way.

Boy. Master the time call's on, will you
be walking.

Exit Boy.

Lara. Follow boy, follow, my gurs were
halfe an houre since in the privie kitchen.

Exeunt.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Counte and his sister Oriana.

Oria. Faith brother I must needs goe
yonder.

Exit.

The Woman Hater.

Count. And yfaith sister what will you do yonder.

Oria I know the Lady *Honorio* will be glad to see me.

Count. Glad to see you, sayth the Lady *Honorio* cares for you as the doth for all other young Ladies, thence glad to see you, and will shew you the privie Garden, and tell you how many gownes the Duchesse had: Marry if you have ever an old Uncle, that would be a Lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder, or committed a robbrie, and will give good store of money to procure his pardon, then the Lady *Honorio* will be glad to see you.

Oria I, but they say one shall see fine fights at the Court.

Count. He tell you what you shall see, you shall see many faces of mans making, for you shall find very few as God left them: and you shall see many legges too; amongst the rest you shall behold one payre, the feet of which, were in times past socklesse, but are now through the change of time (that alters all things) very strangely become the legges of a Knight and a Courtier: another payre you shall see, that were hitherto apparent legges to a Glover, these legges hope shortly to bee honourable; when they passe by they will bowe, and the mouth to these legges, will seeme to offer you some Courtship; it will not sweare, but it will lye, heare it not.

Oria Why, and are not these fine fights?

Count. Sister, in seriousness you yet are young.

And faire, a faire yong maid and apt.

Oria Apt.

Count. Exceeding apt, apt to be drawne to.

Oria To what?

Count. To that you should not be, 'tis no dispraise,

She is not bad that hath desire to ill, But she that hath no power to rule that will: For there you shall be wooed in other kinds: Then yet your yeases have knowne, the chieftest men

Will seeme to throw themselves As vassalles at your service, kisse your hand, Prepare you banquets, maskes, shewes, all inticements

That wit and lust together can devise, To draw a Ladie from the state of grace To an old Lady widdowes Gallery; And they will praise your vertues, beware that,

The onely way to turne a woman whore, Is to commend her chastite: youle goe?

Oria I would go, if it were but onely to shew you, that I could be there, and be mov'd with none of these trickes.

Count. Your servants are ready.

Oria An houre since.

Count. Well, if you come off cleere from this hot service,

Your praise shall be the greater. Farewell Sister.

Oria Farewell Brother.

Count. Once more, if you stay in the presence till candlelight, keep on the forelide oth Curtaine; and doe you heare, take heed of the old Bawd, in the cloth of Tissue-steeves, and the knit Mittines. Farewell Sister.

Exit Oria. Now am I idle: I would I had bin a Scholler

that I might have studied how: the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to doe: our onely miserie is, that without company we know not what to doe: I must take some of the common courses of our Nobilitie; which is thus: if I can find no company that likes mee, pluck off my Hatband, throw an old Cloake over my face, and as if I would not be knowne, walke hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then there goes Count such a one, sayes one; there goes Count such a one, sayes another: Looke how fast he goes, sayes a third; there's some great matters in hand questionlesse, sayes a fourth; when all my businesse is to have them say so: this hath beene used; or if I can find any companie, He after dinner to the Stage, to see a Play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmure in the house, every one that does not know, cries, what Noble man is that; all the Gallants on the Stage rise, vayne to me, kisse their hand, offer mee their places: then I picke out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloake over my face, and laugh at him: the poore gentle man imagines himselfe most highly

The Woman Hater.

highly grac'd, thinks all the Auditors
effeme him one of my bosome friends, and
in right speciall regard with me. But here
comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make
me better sport, then either street and stage
fooleries.

Enter Lazarello and Boy.

This man loves to eate good meate, alwayes
provided hee do not pay for it himselfe: he
goes by the name of the *Hungry Courtier*;
marry, because I thinke that name will not
sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt he
hath more fellowes there, his name is *Lazarello*, he is none of these same ordinary
caters, that will devour three breakfasts, and
as many dinners, without any prejudice to
their beavers, drinkings or suppers; but he
hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and
doth hunt more after a novelty, then plenty,
He over-heate him.

Laz. O thou most itching kindly appe-
tite,

Which every creature in his stomack feelles,
O leave yet at last thus to torment me.
Three severall Sallets have I sacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious oyle and vinegar
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Laz. Will the Count speake with me.

Boy. One of his Gentlemen is gone to en-
forme him of your coming Sir.

Laz. There is no way left for me to
compasse this Fish head, but by being pre-
sently made knowne to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard Sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred
dish,

Then shall my bones rest in my fathers
tomb.

In peace, then shall I dye most willingly;

And as a dish be serv'd to satisfie

Deaths hunger, and I will be buried thus:

My Beere shall be a charger borne by
four.

The coffin where I lyes, a powdring tubbe,
Bedrew'd with Lettice, and coole sallet
herbes.

My winding sheet of Tanseyes, the blacke
guard

Shalbe my, solemne mourners, and in stead
Of ceremonies, wholsom buriall prayers:

A printed dirge in ryme, shall burie me

Instead of teares, let them pour Capon sauce
upon my hearle, and salt in stead of dust,
Manchets for stones, for other glorious
shields

Give me a Voyder, and above my hearle

For a Truth tword, my naked knife stuck
up.

The Count discovers himselfe.

Boy. Master, the Count's here.

Laz. Where? my Lord I doe beseech
you.

Count. Y'are very welcome sir, I pray you
stand up, you shall dine with me.

Laz. I doe beseech your Lordship by the
love

I still have borne to your honourable house.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you shall
dine with me, I pray rise.

Laz. Perhaps your Lordship takes me
for one of these same fellowes, that doe as it
were respect virtuels.

Count. O Sir, by no means.

Laz. Your Lordship ha's often promised,
that whensoever I should affect greatnesse,
your owne hand should helpe to raise me.

Count. And so much still assure your selfe
of.

Laz. And though I must confesse, I have
ever shun'd popularity by the example of
others, yet I do now feele my selfe a little
ambitious, your Lordship is great, and
though young, yet a privie Counsellor.

Count. I pray you Sir leape into the mat-
ter, what would you have me do for you?

Laz. I would intreat your Lordship to
make mee knowne to the Duke.

Count. When sir?

Laz. Suddenly my Lord, I would have
you present me unto him this morning.

Count. It shall be done, but for what ver-
tues, would you have him take notice of
you?

Laz. Your Lordship shal know that pre-
sently.

Count. The pitty of this fellow, he is of good
wit, and sufficient understanding, when he is
not troubled with this greedy worme.

Laz. Faith, you may intreat him to
take notice of mee for any thing; for being
an excellent Farrier, for playing well at
Span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for
being impudent, or for nothing; why may

The Woman Hater.

not be a Favorite on the suddaine? I see nothing against it.

Cour. Not so fir, I know you have not the face to be a favorite on the suddaine,

Laz. Why then you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange misteries.

Cour. In what fir? as how?

Laz. Marrie as thus. *Enter Intelligencer.*

Cour. Yonders my olde Spirit, that hath haunted mee daily, ever since I was a privy Counsellor, I must be rid of him, I pray you stay there, I am a little busie, I will speake with you presently.

Laz. You shall bring mee in, and after a little other talke, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the Duke: May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallets and potheards whatsoever.

Cour. Twill be rare, if you will walke before Sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Lazar. Your Lordships ever.

Cour. This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in Alehouses, and Taverns, and because he perceives some worthy men in this land, with much labour and great expence, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the State; he thinks to discover as much out of the talke of drunkards in Taphouses: he brings me informations, pick'd out of broken words, in mens common talke, which with his malicious misapplication, he hopes will seeme dangerous, he doth besides bring mee the names of all the young Gentlemen in the Citie, that use Ordinaries, or Taverns, talking (to my thinking) wholly as the freedom of their youth teach them, without any further ends; for dangerous and feditious spirits, he is besides an arrant whore-master, as any is in *Millaine*, of a lay man. I will not meddle with the Clergie, he is parcell Lawyer, and in my conscience much of their religion, I must put upon him some peece of service; come hither Sir, what have you to doe with me?

Laz. Little my Lord, I only come to know how your Lordship would employ me.

Cour. Observed you that gentleman, that parted from me but now.

Laz. I saw him now my Lord.

Cour. I was sending for you, I have talked with this man, and I doe finde him dangerous.

Laz. Is your Lordship in good earnest?

Cour. Harke you fir, there may perhaps be some within eare-shots.

He whispers with him.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Sirrha will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the fish head to my lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How uncertaine is the state of all morall things? I have these crosses from my Cadle, from my very Cadle, in so much that I do begin to grow desperate: Fortune I doe despise mee, do my worst; yet when I doe better gather my self together, I doe finde it is rather the part of a wise man, to prevent the stormes of Fortune by stirring, then to suffer them by standing still; to poure themselves upon his naked body. I will about it.

Cour. Who's within there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Laz. Let this Gentleman out at the backe doore, forget not my instructions; if you finde any thing dangerous; trouble not your selfe to finde out me, but carry your informations to the Lord *Daris*, he is a man grave and well experienced in these businesses.

Laz. Your Lordships Service.

Exit Intelligencer and Serving-man.

Cour. Your Lordships Servant.

Laz. Will it please your worship walke?

Cour. Sir, I was coming, I will overtake you.

Lazar. I will attend you over against the Lord *Gonderinoes* house.

Cour. You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thicker must I see my lords face, the chaste virgin head.

Of a deere Fish, yet pure and uncorrupted, Not knowne of man nor rough bred country hand,

Hath once toucht thee, no Pandars withered paw,

Nor an un-napkin Lawyers greasse fish;

The Woman Hater.

Hath once flubbered thee : no Ladies supple hand,

Wash't o're with urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee

With her two nimble talents : no Court hand,

Whom his owne naturall filth, or change of aire,

Hath bedeck't with scabs, hath mard thy whiter grace :

O let it be thought lawfull then for me,

To crop the flower of thy virginity,

Exit Lazar.

Count. This day I am for fooles : I am all theirs,

Though like to our young wanton cockerd heires,

Who doe affect those men above the rest,

In whose base company they still are best :

I doe not with much labour strive to be

The wisest ever in the company :

But for a foole, our wisdom oft amends,

As enemies doe teach us more than friends

Exit Count.

Finis Alueprimi.

ACTVS II SCENA I.

Enter Gonderino and his servants.

Serv. My Lord :

Gond. Ha !

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom, from a woman ? if it be from a woman, bid him carrie it back, and tell her shee's a whore what is it ?

Serv. A Fish head my Lord.

Gond. What Fish head ?

Serv. I did not aske that my Lord.

Gond. Whence comes it ?

Serv. From the Court.

Gond. O't's a Cods-head.

Serv. No my Lord, 'tis some strange head, it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I doe owe him money for silkes, stop his mouth with that.

Exit Serv.

Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I, and for her sake all women, women that were created onely for the preservation of little dogges.

Enter Serv.

Serv. My Lord the Counts sister being

overtaken in the streets, with a great haile-storme, is light at your gate, and desires Rome till the storme be overpast.

Gond. Is shee a woman ?

Serv. I my Lord I thinke so.

Gond. I have none for her then : bid her get her gone, tell her she is not welcome.

Serv. My Lord, she is now coming up.

Gond. She shall not come up, tell her any thing, tell her I have but one great roome in my house, and I am now in it at the close stooke.

Serv. She's here my Lord.

Gond. O impudence of women, I can keep dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against theeves, but I cannot keepe out women.

Enter Oriana, a waiting woman, and a Page. Now Madam, what hath your Ladiship to say to me ?

Oria. My Lord, I was bold to crave the helpe of your house against the storme.

Gond. Your Ladiships boldnesse in coming will bee impudence in staying for you are most unwelcome.

Oriana. Oh my Lord !

Gond. Doe you laugh, by the hate I beare to you, tis true.

Orian. Y'are merry my Lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I bee, or can be whilst thou art here, or livest or any of thy sexe.

Oriana. I commend your Lordship.

Gond. Doe you commend me ? why doe you commend me ? I give you no such cause : thou art a filthy impudent whore, a woman, a very woman.

Oria. Ha, ha, ha.

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunke.

Orian. Your Lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How ? what have I good wit ?

Orian. Come my Lord, I have heard before of your Lordships merry wale in jesting against our Sexe, which I being desirous to heare, made me rather chooke your Lordships house, then any other, but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live if you be me thinkes it doth not become you, to come to my house being a stranger to you, I have no woman in my house, to entertaine you, nor to

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shew you your chamber; why should you come to me? I have no Galleries, nor banqueting houses, nor bawdy pictures to shew your Ladship.

Orian: Beleeve mee this your Lordships plainesse makes mee thinke my selfe more welcome, than if you had sworn by all the pretty Court oathes that are, I had bene welcomer than your soule to your body.

Gond: Now shee's in talking, treason will get her out, I durst sooner undertake to talke an Intelligencer out of the roome, and speake more than he durst heare, than talk a woman out of my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Duke being in the streets, and the storme continuing, is entred your gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke! now I know your Errand Madam; you have plots and private meetings in hand; why doe you choose my house, are you asham'd to goe to't in the old coupling place, though it be lesse suspicious here; for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house, yet you may do it cleaner there, for there is a care had of those businesses; and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite; it is but putting on your night-gowne, and your slippers; Madam, you understand me?

Orian. Before I would not understand him, but now hee speakes riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a strange haile storme.

Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace.

Duke. Good morrow Gonderino.

Gond. Justice great Prince.

Duke. Why should you beg for justice, I never did you wrong; what's the offender?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. I know your ancient quarrell against that Sexe; but what hainous crime hath she committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How? I never heard of any woman that did so before.

Gond. If shee have not said by that modestly

That should attend a Virgin, and quite voide

Of shame, hath left the house where she was borne,

As they should never doe; let me endure The paines that she should suffer.

Duke. Hath shee so? which is the Woman?

Gond. This, this.

Duke. How? *Arrigo:* Lucio!

Gond. I then it is a plot, no Prince alive Shall force mee make my house a Brothell house;

Not for the sinnes, but for the woman's sake, I will not have her in my doores so long.

Will they make my house as bawdy as their owne are?

Duke. Is it not *Orian*?

Lucio. It is.

Duke. Sister to Count *Palio*?

Arrigo. The very same.

Duke. Shee that I love.

Lucio. Shee that you love.

Duke. I doe suspect.

Lucio. So doe I.

Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit, One that doth seeme so loath, all woman kinde,

To hate himselfe, because hee hath some part

Of woman in him; seemes not to endure To see, or to be seen of any woman,

Onely, because hee knowes it is their nature To wish to taste that which is most forbidden:

And with this shew he may the better passe

(And with far lesse suspicion thinke hee ends.

Lucio. Upon my life 'tis so.

Duke. And I doe know.

Before his staine wife gave him that sentence, He was the greatest servant to that Sexe That ever was: what doth this Lady here with him alone? why should hee taile at her to me?

Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect

Duke. 'Twas so: I doe love her strangely: I would faine know the truth; counsel

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me. *They three whisper.*

Enter Count, Legaralle, and his boy.
Count. Is fall out better than we could expect Sir, that we should finde the Duke and my Lord Gendarme together, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Leg. I was very happy : Boy, goe down into the kitchen, and see if you can spye that same ; I am now in some hope : I have mee thinkes a kind of fever upon me.

Exit Boy
A certaine gloominelle within me, doubting as it were, betwixt two passions : there is no young maid upon her wedding night, when her husband sets first foot in the Bed, blushes, and looks pale againe, oftner than I doe now. There is no yet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of this new play, when hee's in that case that he stands peeping betwixt the Curtaines, so fearefully that a Bottle of Ale cannot be opened, but he thinks some horly thiffe, than I am at this instance.

Count. Are they in consultation? If they be, whether my young Duke hath gotten some Bellman, and is perswading my Knight yonder to father the childe, and marry the wench, or if some Cock-pit is to be built.

Leg. My Lord, what Noble man's that?

Count. His name is *Lucio*, 'tis he that was made a Lord at the request of some of his friends for his wives sake, he affects to be a great States-man, and thinks it consists in night-caps and jewells, and tooth-pikes?

Leg. And what's that other?

Count. A Knight Sir, that pleases the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes, he can make as good men as himselfe, every day in the weeke, and doth

Leg. For what was he raised?

Count. Truly Sir, I am not able to say directly, for what ; but for wearing of red breeches as I take it, hee's a brave man, hee will spend three Knights-hoods at a Supper without Trumpets.

Leg. My Lord Ile talke with him, for I have a friend, that would gladly receive the humour.

Count. If he have the itch of Knight

hood upon him, let him repaire to that Phy-
 sician, hee'll cure him : but I will give yo
 a note, is your friend fat or lean?

Leg. Something fat.

Count. I will be the worse for him.

Leg. I hope thats not materiall.

Count. Very much, for there is an impost
 set upon Knight-hoods, & your friend shall
 pay a Noble in the pound.

Duke. I doe not like examinations,
 We shall finde out the truth more easily,
 Some other way lesse noted, and that
 course.

Should not be us'd, till we be sure to prove
 Some thing directly for when they perceive
 Themselves suspected, they will then pro-
 vide.

More warily to answer.

Luc. Doth she know your Grace doth love

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Luc. Then thus my Lord : *They whisper*

Leg. Whats he that walks *Legaralle*
 alone so sadly with his hands behinde him?

Count. The Lord of the house, hee that
 you desire to be acquainted with, hee doth
 hate women for the same cause that I love
 them.

Leg. What's that?

Count. For that which Apes want : you
 perceive me Sir?

Leg. And is he sad? can he be sad that
 hath so rich a gemme under his roose, as
 that which I doe follow.

What young Lady's that?

Count. Which? Have I mine eye-sight
 perfect, 'tis my sister : did I say, the Duke
 had a Bastard? What should shee make here
 with him and his Councell ; she hath no
 papers in her hand to petition to them, shee
 hath never a husband in prison, whose re-
 lease she might sue for. That's a fine tickle
 for a wench ; to get her husband clapt up
 that she may more freely, and with lesse sus-
 pition, visite the private studies of men in
 authority. Now I doe discover their con-
 sultation, yon fellow is a Pander without all
 salvation : But let mee not condemne her
 too rashly, without weighing the matter ;
 shee's a young Lady, shee went forth early
 this morning with a waiting woman, and a
 Page, or so : This is no garden house, in my
 con-

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conscience she went forth with no dishonest intent I for shee did not pretend going to any Sermon in the further end of the City Neither went she to see any odde old Gentlewoman, that mournes for the death of her husband; or the losse of her friend; and must have young Ladies come to comfort her: those are the damnable Bawdes: I was no set meeting certainly; for there was no wiser woman with her these three dayes on my knowledge: Ile talke with her: Good morrow my Lord.

Good. Y are welcome Sir: here's her brother come now to doe a kinde office for his sister; is it not strange?

Count. I am glad to meet you here sister.

Orian. I thanke you good brother: and if you doubt of the cause of my coming, I can satisfie you.

Count. No faith, I dare trust thee, I doe suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to bee honest amongst you, that some one man in an age, may perhaps suspect some two women to bee honest, but never beleve it verily.

Luci. Let your returne be suddaine.

Arri. Unsuspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best perceive their Loves, if there be any. Farewell.

Count. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,

To know a gentleman, to whom your selfe Is much beholding; he hath made the sport For your whole Court these eight yeares, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Count. Lazarello. (is he?)

Duke. I heard of him this morning, which

Count. Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits, thy Fortune is now raising, the Duke calls for thee; and thou shalt bee acquainted with him.

Laz. Hee's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon businesse.

Count. 'Tis all one, thou shalt know him

Laz. Stay a little, if hee should offer to take me away with him, and by that meanes I should loose that I seek for; but if he should I will not goe with him.

Count. Lazarello the Duke stayes, wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Count. 'Twas well thought of: you must not talke to him as you doe to an ordinary man; honest plain fences, but you must winde about him: for example, if he should aske you what a clock it is, you must not say, if it please your grace 'tis nine; but this, thrice three a clockes, for please my Sovereigne: or thus, you are at seven this; or thus, Looke how many Muses there doe dwell upon the sweet banks of the learned Wells; And just so many strokes the clock hath strooke.

And so forth; and you must now and then enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall doe in doot, but shall

Count. Come. May it please your grace to take note of a Gentleman, well deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all fables, and poetical fables whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more in

Laz. I kisse the Oxle-hide of your graces foot.

Count. Very well: will your grace hunt on him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight and twenty severall. As hath been compiled, all for severall yeares. Since first I drew this breath, foure brethren

Have I most truly served in this world: And eight and twenty times hath Phobus

Carre Runne out his yearly course since.

Duke. I understand you Sir.

Luci. How like an ignorant Poet he talks.

Duke. You are eight and twenty yeares old? what time of the day doe you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortalls whet their knives (knives, On thresholds, on their shooe soles, and on New bread is gatings; and the resty Cooke Hath much to doe now, now the Tables all.

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Count. Your grace shall finde him in your further conference

Grave, wise, courtly, and scholler-like, under-

stan-

The Woman Hater.

standingly, read
In the necessities of the life of man.
He knows that man is mortall by his birth;
He knows that men must dye, and there-
fore live;
He knows that men must live, and therefore
care,
And if it shall please your grace, to accom-
pany your selfe with him, I doubt not, but
that he will at the least, make good my com-
mendations.

Duk. Attend us *Lazarillo*, we doe want
Men of such Action, as we have received
you

Reported from your honorable friend.

Lara. Good my Lord stand betwixt mee
and my overthrow, you know I am t' d here,
and may not depart, my gracious Lords so
waightie are the businessse of mine owne,
which at this time doe fall upon me, that I
will rather chuse to die, then to neglect
them.

Count. Nay you shall well perceive, besides
the vertues that I have already inform'd you
of, he hath a stomach, which will stoope to
no Prince alive.

Duk. Sir at your best leisure, I shall desire
to see you.

Lara. And I shall hunger for it.

Duk. Till then farewell all.

Con. Count. Long life attend your Grace.

Duk. I doe not taste this sport, *Arrigo*
Lucio.

Arrigo. Luci. We doe attend.

Exeunt Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Cond. His grace is gone, and hath left his
Hellen with me, I am no pander for him,
neither can I be wonne with the hope of
gaines, or the itching desire of tasting my
Lords lecherie to him, to keepe her at my
house) or bring her in disguise, to his bed
Chamber.

The twyns of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked brest, will seeme to mee
More tickling then those claspes, which men
adore;

The lustfull, dull, ill spirited embraces
Of women; the much prayd *Anagons*,
Knowing their owne infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what
men

They take amongst them they condemne to
die,

Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer that would willingly
Come in the worthlesse presence of a wo-
man.

I will attend, and see what my young Lord
will doe with his sister.

Enter Lazarilloes Boy.

Boy. My Lord; the fish head is gone a-
gaine.

Count. Wither.

Boy. I know whither my Lord

Count. Keep it from *Lazarillo*: Sister
shall I conferre with you in private, to know
the cause of the Dukes comming hither; I
know he makes you acquainted with his bu-
sinesse of State.

Oria. He falls for you brother, for I see you
are jealous of me.

Cond. Now there shall be some course
taken for her conveyance.

Lara. Lazarillo, thou art happie, thy car-
riage hath begot love, and that love hath
brought forth fruits, thou art here in the
company of a man honourable, that will
helpe thee to tast of the bounties of the Sea,
and when thou hast so done, thou shalt re-
tire thy selfe unto the Courts, and there tast
of the delicacies of the earth, and be great in
the eyes of thy Sovereigne: now no more
shalt thou need to scramble for thy meate,
nor remove thy stomach with the Courts, but
thy credit shall command thy hearts desire,
and all novelties shall be sent as presents un-
to thee.

Count. Good Sister, when you see your
own time, will you returne home.

Oria. Yes brother and not before.

Lara. I will grow popular in this State,
and overthrow the fortunes of a number, that
live by extortion.

Count. *Lazarillo,* desire thy selfe nimble
and sodainly, and here me with patience
to heare.

Lara. Let me not fall from my selfe; speak
I am bound.

Count. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt heare the fish head is gone, and we
know not whither

Lara.

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Lara I will not curse, nor swear, nor
rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue, accuse my
Fate;

Though I might justly doe it, nor will I
With my selfe uncreated for this evill;
Shall I entreat your Lordship to be seene
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by Fortune?

Count. I hate to leave my friend in his ex-
tremities.

Lara. Tis noble in you, then I take your
hand,

And doe protest; I do not follow this
For any mallice or for privat ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaste,
As that a brother to his sister beares:

And if I see this fish head yet unknowne;
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye strings brakes shall not of me
So often be remembered, as our meetings;
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust.

Count. Farewell my Lord; I was entreated
to invite your Lordship to a Ladies up-
ping.

Good. O my eares, why Madame, will not
you follow your brother, you are waited for
by great men, heele bring you to him.

Oria. I'me very well, my Lord; you doe
mistake me, if you thinke I affect greater
company then your selfe.

Good. What madness posseseth thee, that
thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertain
Ladies; I tell thee, I do use to teare their
haire, to kick them, and to twindge their
noes, if they be not carefull in avoiding me.

Oria. Your Lordship may discent upon
your owne behavior as please you, but I pre-
test, so sweet and courtey it apperres in my
eye, that I meane not to leave you yet.

Good. I shall grow rough.

Oria. A rough carriage is best in a man,
He dine with you my Lord.

Good. Why I will starve thee, thou shalt
have nothing.

Oria. I have heard of your Lordships
nothing. He put that to the venture.

Good. Well thou shalt have mean, He send
it to thee.

Oria. He keep no state my Lord, meishen

doe I mourne, Ile dine with you.
Good. Is such a thing as this allowed to
live:

What power hath let thee looke upon the
earth

To plague us for our sinnes, out of my
doores.

Oria. I would your Lordship did but see
how well

This fury doth become you, it doth shew
So neere the life, as it were naturall.

Good. O thou damn'd woman, I will flie
the vengeance.

That hangs above thee, follow it, thou
dar'st.

Exit Good.

Oria. I must not leave this fellow, I will
torment him to madness.

He reach his passions against him no more,
The more he hates, the more he cleave to
love.

Exeunt Oria and Mad.

Enter Pandar and Mercor a citizen.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by us shall
be done,

I weare nor this blacke cloake for nothing.

Merc. Performe this, help me to this great
heire by learning, and you shall want no
blacke cloakes, taffaries, furbes, lacins
and velvets are mine, then shall we
performe what you have promised, and you
shall make me a lover of Sciences, I will stu-
dy the learned languages, and keepe my
shop-booke in Latine.

Pandar. Trouble me not now, I will not faile
you within this houre at your shop.

Merc. Let Art have her course.

Enter Curtesan.

Pandar. Tis well spoken, Madame.

Mad. Hast thou brought me my cus-
toms.

Pan. No.

Ma. What the devil do'st thou in blacke?

Pa. As all solemne professors of soled
courses, doe cover my knavery with it, will
you marry a citizen, reasonably rich, and un-
reasonably foolish, likes in his shoppe, more
in his purse, and no wit in his head.

Ma. Out upon him, I could have him o-
ther

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the wife then for there was a Margherite where
he would have had mee, if I would have
lent him but forty shillings to have redeemed
his cloake, to goe to Church in it to seeke
him, call her in

Fr. Anone?

Get you to the Church, and thrive
your selves

For you shall be richly married among
And get you after her, I will worke
upon my citizen whilst he is warme, I must
not suffer him to confest with his neighbours,
the openest foolies are hardly confest,
if they once grow jealous

Exit

Act III. SCENE I

Enter Gondarino flying the Lady.

Gond. Save me ye better powers, for me
not fall

Behoove the loose embacements of a wo-
man

if my sinnes be ripe, growne to a
head,

And must attend your vengeance: I beg not
to deliver my sinnes

and heare me equall hea-
re

your furious rodd, that must afflict
me

that imperfect peeces of nature, to be
made up, womans ubi late wo-
manall

that I know soules, as first infused
To reach a difference, twice extremes and

Were we not made ourselves, free, uncon-
d

Commanders of our own affections, how
And can it be, that this most perfect crea-
ture, by the maker, well squar'd man,

Should leave the handfast, that he had of
grace,

To fall into a womans case, and

Exit

Orlan. Now I must be my speed, I will
with all the several subtil temptations, that
thou hast already given, or halt in those
hearekates, bestow upon our Sexe: grant
that I may apply that Physicke that is most
apt to worke upon him: whether he will
be moov'd with wantonnesse, flattery,
dauncing, or being passionate, with scorne,
or with sad and serious lookes, cunningly
mingled with sighes, with smiling, liping,
kissing the hand, and making short curtes;
or with whatsoever other nimble power, he
may be caught: doe thou intule into mee,
and when I have him, I will sacrifice him up
to thee

Gond. It comes againe, new apparitions,
And tempting spirits: Stand and reveale
thy selfe

Tell why thou followest me: I feare thee
As I feare the place thou comst from: Hell

Orlan. My Lord, I am a woman, and such
a one

Gond. That I hate, truly, thou hadst bet-
ter bin a devill

Orlan. Why my impatient Lord?

Gond. Devils were once good, there they
excel'd you women.

Orlan. Can ye be so uncase, can ye freeze
and

Such a summers heat, so ready
To dissolve, may gentle Lord, turne now
way in scorne,

Nor hold me lesse faire then I am: looke on
these cheeks,

They have yet enough of nature, true com-
plexion,

If to be read and white, a forehead like
An easie melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the
care

Of strict religion, and men most austere
If these may hope to please, looke here

Gond. This woman with outrageous words
show all,

Lady, there lies your way, I pray ye farewell

Orlan. Yare yet so hard to dissonant

Ther's no true musick in your words, my
Lord

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone?
Heare, and the wanton lodge, my
house, tis big enough, is thine, come, and
hold

The Woman Hater.

hold five lecherous Lords, and their lackies
without discovery: ther's stoves and bathing
tubbes.

Orian. Deare Lord: y'are too wild.

Gond. Shalt have a Doctor too, thou shalt,
bout fixe and twentie, tis a pleasing age;
or I can helpe thee to a handsome Vther: or
if thou lackst a page, ile give thee one,
preece keepe house, and leave me.

Oria. I do confesse I am to easie, too much
woman,

Not coy enough to take affection,
Yet I can frowne and nip a passion
Even in the bud: I can say

Men please their present heats; then please
to leave us.

I can hold off, and by my Chimmick power
Draw Sonnets, from the melting lovers
braine;

Aymes, and Elegies: yet to you my Lord
My Love, my better selfe, I put these off,
Doing that office, not heites our sex,

Entreat a man to love;

Are ye not yet relenting, ha'ye bloud and
Spirit

In those veines, ye are no images though ye
be as hard.

As marble, sure ye have no fiver, if ye had,
I would send a lively and desiring heate

To every member; is not this miserable,
A thing so truly form'd, shapt out by Syme-

try,

Has all the organs that belong to man,

And working to, yet to shew all these

Like dead motions moving upon wyers,

Then good my Lord, leave off what you have
beene,

And freely be what you were first intend-
ed for: a man.

Gond. Thou art a precious peece of flie
damnation,

I will be deasse, I will tocke up my eares,

Temptme not, I will not love; if I doe,

Oria. Then ile hate you.

Gond. Let me be noited with hony, and
turn'd into the Sunne,

To be stung to death with horse-flies,

Hearst thou, thou breeder, here ile sit,

And in despite of thee I will say nothing.

Oria. Let me with your faire patience, sit
beside you?

Gond. Maddam, Ladies tempter, tongue,
woman, ayre.

Looke to me, I shall kicke, I say againe.

Looke to me I shall kicke,

Oria. I cannot thinke your better know-
ledge can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot thinke, I shall become a
coxcombe,

To ha'my hare curl'd, by an idle finger,

My cheekes turne, Tabers, and be plaid up-
pon,

Mine eyes, lookt babies in, and my nose
blowd to my hand,

I say againe I shall kicke, sure I shall.

Oria. Tis but your outside that you shew,
I know your mind

Never was guilty of so great a weaknesse,
Or could the tongues of all men joynd to-
gether.

Possesse me with a thought of your dislike
My weaknesse were above a womans, to fall
off.

From my affection, for our crake of thun-
der,

Or would you could love, my Lord.

Gond. I wot thou wouldst sit still, and, say
nothing: what wad man let thee loose to do
more mischief than a dosen whirlwinds,
keep thy hands in thy muffle, and warme the
idle wormes in thy fingers ends, will ye bee
doing still, will no entreating serve yes, no
lawfull warning, I must remove and leave
your Ladship; nay never hope to stay me,
for I will runne, from that Smooth, Smiling,
witching, Coufening, Tempting, Dampning
face of thine, as farre as I can find any land,
where I will put my selfe into a daily course
of Curses for thee, and all thy Familie.

Oria. Nay good my Lord sit still, ile pro-
mise peace,

And fould mine Armes up, let but mine eye
discourfe,

Or let my voyce set to some pleasing corde,
found out

The fulten straines of my neglected love,

Gond. Sing till thou cracke thy treble string
in peeces,

And when thou hast done, put up thy pipe
and walke,

Doe any thing, sit still and tempe me not.

Oria. I had rather sing at doores for bread,
then

The Woman Hater.

then sing to this fellow, but for here: if this should be told in the Court, that I beginne to wooe Lords, what a troope of the untruff nobilitie should I have at my lodging to-morrow morning,

*Come sleepe, and wish thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight a while,
Let some pleasing Dreames beguile
All my fancies that from thence, Song.
I may feede and in flourish,
All my powers of care bereaving.*

*Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little toy,
We that suffer long any
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrongt
O let my jayes have some abiding.*

Gond. Have you done your waslayle, tis a handsome drowfie dittie ile assure yee, now I had as leave here a Cant cry, when her taile is cut off, as heare these lamentations, these lowbe love-layes, these bewailements, you thinke you have caught the Ladies, you think I melt now, like a dish of May butter, and runne, all into brime, and passion, yes, yes, I am taken, looke how I crosse my armes, looke pale, and dwynelle, and woo'd cry, but for spoyleing my face, we must part, nay, we'l avoyd all Ceremonty, no kissing Ladies, I desire to know your Ladiship no more, death of my soule the Duke.

Oria. God keep your Lordship.

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Oria. Ile be the Clarke, and crye, Amen.

Your Lordships ever assured coemie **Oria.**

Exit Oria, Meets Gondarino.

ACTVS III. SCENA II.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. All the dayes good, attend your Lordship.

Duk. We thanke you **Gondarino**, is it possible,

Can beleefe lay hold on such a miracle,
To see thee, one that hath cloystred up all passion,

Turn'd wilfull votary, and forsworne, converse with women in company and faire discourse, with the best beauty of *Myllaine*?

Gon. Tis true, and if your Grace that hath the sway

Of the whole State, will suffer this lode sex, These women: to pursue us to our homes, Not to be praid, not to be rail'd away, But they will wooe, and daunce, and sing, And in a manner, looser then they are By nature (which should seeme impossible) To throw their armes, on our unwilling necks.

Duk. No more, I can see through your visiore, dissemble it no more, Doe not I know thou hast us'd all Arte, To worke upon the poore simplicitie Of this young Maide, that yet hath knowne none ill?

Thinkest that damnation will fright those that wooc Frontboathes, and lies? but yet I thinke her chaste,

And will from thee, before thou shalt apply Stronger temptations, beare her hente with mee.

Gond. My Lord, I speake not this to gaine new grace,

Both howsoever you esteeme my words.

My love and dutie will not suffer mee, To see you favour such a prostitute.

And I stand by dumb; without Rackets Torture,

Or Strappado, Ile unrippe my selfe, I doe confesse I was in company, with that pleasing peece of frailties, that we call woman; I doe confesse after along and tedious seige, I yeelded.

Duk. Forward.

Gond. Faith my Lord to come quickly to the point; the woman you saw with me is a whore; an arrant whore.

Duk. Was she not Count *Valores* Sister?

Gond. Yes, that Count *Valores* Sister is naught.

Duk. Thou darst not say so.

Gond. Not, if it be distastful to your Lordship,

The Woman Hater.

ship, but give mee freedom; and I dare maintaine. She ha's imbrac'd this body, and growne to it as close, as the hot youthfull vine to the clime.

Duk. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strict and false and importunate: Is this your mewling up, your strict retirement, your bitterness and galle against that sex; have I not heard thee say, thou wouldst sooner meet the Bastard dead, doing eyes than meet a woman for an object? looke it be true you tell me of by our countries Shins your head goes off: I should provide a whore, no womans face shall ever move me more.

Exit Duk.
Enter Gondarino.

Gond. So, so, tis as should be: I see women growing so mankind must they be wooing, I have a plot shall blow her up, she flies, she mounts, she teach her Ladyship to dare my fury, she will be knowne, and feared, and more truly hated of women than an Emlich.

Enter Oriano.

Shees here against good gaulpe be patient, for I must dissemble.

Orian. Now my cold frosty light, my Owo man Hater, you that have sworn an everlasting hate to all our sex: by my sword, good Lord, and all my yet a maid, my thought 'twas excellent sport to heare your honour scold in an Alphabet, chafe, hobly like a Generall, kicke like a resty Jade, and make ill faces. Did your good Honour quicke I was in love? where did I first begin to calke that heat? from those two round eyes, that piercing sight, oh they were lovely, if the balls stood right; and there's a legge made out of a dainty stile; Where the Gods bee thanked there is calfe enough.

Gond. Pardon my Lady, what is now a convert.

Orian. Alasse, ha's it beene prick't at the heart, is the stomach come downe, will I shall againe more at women, and call

em Divells, shed Gattes, and Goblins. Gond. Hee that shall marry thee shall better spend the poore remainder of his dayes in a dung barge for two pence a week, and find himselfe.

Downe againe Spleene, I prebent downe a gaine's shall I finde favour. Hee shall a length my not unseigned sentence get pardon for my harsh unseasoned follies: I am no more in Aske, I do knowe, ledge, that dread powerfull Deity, and his all quickning heart burne in my breast; oh be not as I was, hard, unrelenting; but as I am, be partner of my fires.

Oria. Sure we have store of Larkes, I the Skies will not hold up long if I should have looked as soone for Frost in the dogged daies, or another foundation of hope in the summer conver sion above minde is let mee look upon your Lordship; is your name Gondarino; are you Milano Generall, that great Bug beate bloody bones in whose name all women, from the Ladies to the Landresse, shake like a cold sheld stand as if to see?

Gond. Good pardon help me, this fever will harrow my blood up to the Madnesse I am that man, I have ever bee that oute dill owe unrequited hate to you, and all that beare the name of woman. I have seen that wrongd heart Honour to the Duke, I have seen the Duke's wife weep in chafe, and protest that shee had deny'd all child; stom on girlie. I now want to see.

Orian. Your big Nobility is very merie.

Gond. Lady, tis true that I have wrongd you this, but tis more I have done And my contrition is as true as that. I have I soon a means to quit the ill good againe, I do beseech your beaue, not for my selfe,

My merits are yes in conception, But for your honour's safety and my zeale Retire a while, while I unfay my selfe unto the Duke.

And cast out that evil Spirit I have posselt him with.

I have a house conveniently private.

Oria. Lord, thou hast wrongd my Innocence, but thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond.

The Woman Hater.

10. Gond. By the true honest service, that I
owe these eyes strangely;

My meaning is as sports as my faith.

Oria. The Duke doubt mine honour? a

may judge

Twill not be long, before he be enlarg'd a-

gain.

Gond. Arday or two.

Oria. Mine owne servants shall attend

me.

Gond. Your Ladships command is good.

Oria. Look you be true.

Exit Oria.

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soule

appres to: **Twill** be a scourge to all females

in my life, and after my death, the name of

Gondarino shall be terrible to the mighty

women of the earth: they shall shake at my

name, and at the sound of it, their knees

shall knee together, and they shall tunic

into Nunneries, for they and I are beyond

all hope irreconcilable: for if I could endure

to live with a hole in, or a pleated locke or

a bare-headed Coachman, that fits like a signe

where goods are to be sold within;

agreement between us, were not to be

dispar'd of; if I could be but brought to

endure to see women, I would have them

come all once a weeke, and kisse me, as

Witches doe the devil in token of homage:

I must not live here **Twill** to the Court, and

there pursue my plot; when he hath tooke

women shall stand in awe of my looke.

Exit.

ACT TWO. SCENE ALL H.

Enter two Intelligencers, discovering trea-
son in the Courtiers words.

1. Intel. There take your standing, be close
and vigilans here: will I let my selfe and
let him look to his language: I shall know
the Duke ha's more eares in Court than two.

2. Intel. He quote him to a tittle, let him
speake wisely, and plainly, and as hidden
as a can, or I shall crush him; a shall not
scape charraacters, though a speake Babell, I

shall crush him: we have a Fortune by this
service hanging over us, that within this
yeare or to, I hope we shall be called to be
examiners: weare politicke gownes garded
with copper laces, making great faces full of
feare and office, our labours may deserve
this.

1. Int. I hope it shall: why ha's not many
men bin raised from this worming trade, first
to gaine good access to great men, then to
have commissions out for search, and lastly,
to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraign-
ment: yes, and why not we? they that en-
deavour well deserve their Fee.
Close, close a comes: marke well, and all
goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewell my hopes; my Anchor now
is broken,

Farewell my quondam joyes, of which, no
token

is now remaining, such is the sad mischance,
Where Lady Fortune leads the slippery
dauce.

Yet at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes, or a wished grave.

Count. The gods defend to brave and va-
liant mawe,

Should slip into the never saring have,
Of blacke Despaire; no, thou shalt live and

know

Thy full desires, hunger thy aunsient foe,
Shall be subdued, those guts that daily tur-
ble,

Through ayre and appetite, shall cease to
rubble;

And thou shalt now at length obtaine thy
dish,

That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

2. Int. There, there's a notable pece of
treason; greater than the Duke, marke that
Count: But how, or where, or when this
shall be compas'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might
I be now knockt ath' head, with all my heart
I would forgive a dog killer.

Count. Yet doe I see, through this com-

The Woman Hater.

sednesse some little comfort.

Laz. The plot my Lord, as er'e you came of a woman, discover.

1. Int. Plots, dangerous plcts, I will deserve by this most liberally.

Count. 'Tis from my head againe.

Laz. O that it would stand mee, that I might fight, or have some ventüre for it, that I might be turn'd kofe, to try my fortune amongst the whole frie in a Colledge, or an Inne of Court, or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon; nay were it set downe in the outward court, And all the Guarde about it in a ring, With their knives drawne, which were a dismall fight,

And after twenty leifurely were told, I to be let loose onely in my shirt, To trie the valour, how much of the spoyle, I would recover from the enemies mounthes: I would accept the challenge.

Count. Let it goe: hast not thou beene held

To have some wit in the Court, and to make fine jests

Vpon country people in progresse time, and Wilt thou loose this opinion, for the cold head of a Fish?

Ifay, let it goe: ile help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God let me not live, if I doe not wonder.

Men should talke so properly:

But it is not in the power of loose wordes, Of any vaine or misbeleeving man,

To make me dare to wrong thy purity.

Shew me but any Lady in the Court,

That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,

So soft and white a flesh: this doth not lie

In almond gloves, nor ever hath bin washt

In artificiall bathes; no traveller

That hath brought doctor home with him, hath dar'd

With all his waters, powders, Focusses,

To make thy lovely corpes sophisticate.

Colon. I have it, tis now infus'd, be comforted.

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? shall I once more erect up Trophies? shall I enjoy the sight of my deare

Saint, and blesse my pallate with the best of creatures, ah good my Lord, by whom I breath againe; shall I receive this beeing?

Count. Sir I have found by certaine calculation, and sciled revolution of the starrs, the Fish is sent by the Lord Gondarino to his Mercer, now tis a growing hope to know where tis.

Laz. O tis farte above the good of women, the *Patricke* cannot yeild more pleasing titylation.

Count. But how to compasse it, search, cast about, and bang your braines, *Lazarello*, thou art to dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My Lord, I will not be idle; now *Lazarello*, thinke, thinke, thinke.

Count. Yonders my informer And his fellow with table bookes, they nod at me

Vpon my life, they have poore *Lazarello* that beats

His braines about no such waighty matter, in for

Treason before this--

Laz. My Lord, what doe you thinke, if I should shave my selfe,

Put on midwives apparell, come in with a hand-kercher,

And begge a peece for a great belled woman, or a sick child?

Count. Good, very good.

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentise to betray the reversion.

1. Int. Ther's another point in's plot, corrupted with money; to betray: sure 'tis some Fort a meanes: marke, have a care.

Laz. And 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis capen with, it would in some fort satissie nature: but might I once attaine the dish it selfe, though I cut put my meines through sword and fire, through poison, through any thing that may make good my hopes.

2. Int. Thanks to the gods, and our officiousnesse, the plots discovered, fire, steeles, and poison, burne the Palace, kill the Duke and poison his privie Counsell.

Count. To the mercers, let me see: how, if before we can attaine the meanes, to make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?

Laz.

The Woman Hater.

Laz. If it be eaten, here it stands, that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave, this Province yields: I will not sure outlive it, no I will dye bravely, and like a Roman; and after death, amidst the Elizian shades, Ile meet my love againe.

1 In. I will dye bravely, like a Roman: have a care, marke that, when he hath done all, he will kill himselfe.

Count. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No could the Sea throw up his vastnesse,

And offer free his best inhabitants: 'twere not so much as a bare temptation to mee.

Count. If you could be drawne to affect Beefe, Venison, or Fowle, 'twould be farre the better.

Laz. I doe beseech your Lordships patience,

I doe confesse that in this heat of blood

I have contemn'd all dunn and grosser meats,

But I protest I doe honour a Chine of Beefe,

I doe reverence a loyne of Veale,

But good my Lord, give me leave a little to adore this:

But my good Lord, would your Lordship under colour of taking up some filkes, goe to the Mercers, I would in all humilitie attend your honour, where we may be invited, if Fortune stand propitious.

Count. Sir you shall worke mee as you please.

Laz. Let it bee suddenly, I doe beseech your Lordship, 'tis now upon the point of dinner time.

Count. I am all yours.

Exeunt Lazarello and Count.

1 In. Come let us conferre,
Imprimis a fith like a blasphemous villaine,
hee is greater than the Duke, this peppers him, and there were nothing else.

2 In. Then a was naming plots; did you not heare?

1 In. Yes but a fell from that unto discovery, to corrupt by money, and so attaine.

2 In. Is it meant some Fort, or Syttadell

the Duke hath, his very face betraid his meaning, O he is a very subtil and a dangerous knave, but if hee deale a Gods name, wee shall worrne him.

1 In. But now comes the Stroake, the fatall blow, Fire, Sword and Poyson, O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.

2 In. What had become of this poore state, had we not beene?

1 In. Faith it had lyen buried in his owne ashes, had not a greater hand been in't

2 In. But note the rascalls resolution, after th'acts done, because a wo'd avoid all feare of torture, and coulen the Law, a wo'd kill himselfe; was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? sure we shall merit much, wee shall bee able to keepe two men a peece, and a two hand sword between us, we will live in favour of the State, betray our ten or twelve treasons a weeke, and the people shall feare us: come, to the Lord Lucio, the Sunne shall not goe downe till he be hanged.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 3, SCENA 4.

Enter Mercer

Mor. Lookoe to my shop, and if there come ever a Schollar in black, let him speak with mee, wee that are shop-keepers in good trade, are so pestered, that we can scarce pick out an houre for our mornings meditation: and howsoever wee are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks for your gallants; there are some of us doe not deserve it: for, for my owne part I doe begin to bee given to my booke, I love a schollar with my heart, for questionlesse there are mervellous things to bee done by Art: why sir, some of them will tell you what is become of horses, and silver spoones, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds: I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to bee Cuckolds, I will never bee married without the consent of some of these schollars, that know what will come of it.

Exit

The Woman Hater.

Enter Pander.

Pan. Are you busie sir?

Mer. Never to you sir, not to any of your coate.

Sir is there any thing to bee done by Art concerning the great heire wee talked on?

Pan. Will shee, will shee: shee shall come running into my house at the farther corner, in St. Markes street betwixt three and foure.

Mer. Betwixt three and foure? shee's brave in cloathes, is shee not?

Pan. O rich! rich! where should I get cloathes to dresse her in? help me invention: Sir, that her running through the street may be lesse noted, my Art more showne, and your feare to speake with her lesse, she shall come in a white waistcoat, And

Mer. What shall shee?

Pan. And perhaps torne stockings, shee hath left her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Prent. Sir my Lord Gond. hath sent you a rare fish head.

Mer. It comes right, all things sure right with me since I began to love schollars, you shall have it home with you against shee come: carrie it to this Gentlemans house.

Pan. The faire white house at the farther corner at St. Marks streer, make hast, I must leave you too Sir, I have two houres to study, buy a new Accedens, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the schollars in the Towne can doe for you.

Exit Pander.

Mer. Heaven prosper both our studies, what a dunn slave was I before I fell in love with this learning? not worthy to tread upon the earth, & what fresh hopes it hath put in to me? I doe hope within this twelve-month to bee able by Art to serve the Court with filkes, and not undoe my selfe: to trust Knights, and yet get in my money againe; to keep my wife brave, and yet she keep no body else so.

Enter Count, and Lazarello.

Your Lordship is most honourably welcome in regard of your Nobility, but most especial in regard of your scollership: did your Lordship come openly?

Count. Sir this cloake keepees mee private, besides no man will suspect mee to bee in the company of this Gentleman, with whom, I will desire you to bee acquainted, he may prove a good customer to you.

Laza. For plaine silks and velvets.

Mer. Are you scholasticall?

Laza. Something addicted to the Muses.

Count. I hope they will not dispute.

Mer. You have no skill in the black Art?

Enter a Prentice.

Prent. Sir yonders a Gentleman enquires hastily for Count Valore.

Count. For me? what is he?

Prent. One of your followers my Lord I thinke.

Count. Let him come in.

Mer. Shall I talke with you in private Sir?

Enter a Messenger with a Letter to the Count, bee reads.

Count. Count come to the Court your businessse calls you thither, I will goe, farewell Sir, I will see your filkes some other time: Farewell Lazarello.

Mer. Will not your Lordship take a peice of Beefe with me?

Count. Sir I have greater businessse than eating; I will leave this Gentleman with you.

Exeunt Count. & Mes.

Laza. No, no, no, no: now doe I seele that strained struggling within me, that I think I could prophesie.

Mer. The Gentleman is meditating.

Laza. Hunger, valour, love ambition: are alike pleasing, and let our Philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat, onely hunger is the safest, ambition is apt to fall;

Love

The Woman Hater.

Love and valour are not free from dangers,
 onely hunger, begotten of some old limber
 Courrier, in pan de hofe, and nurs'd by an
 Artourneys wife, now so thriven, that hee
 need not feare to bee of the great Turkes
 guard: is so free from all quarrels and dan-
 gers, so full of hopes, joyes, and ticklings, that
 my life is not so deare to mee as his ac-
 quaintance.

Enter Lazarello's boy.

Boy. Sir the fish head is gone.

Laz. Then bee thou henceforth dumbe,
 with thy ill boding voice.

Farewell *Millaine*, farewell Noble Duke,
 Farewell my fellow Gourriers all, with
 whom,

I have of yore made many a scrambling
 meale

In corners, behind Arasses, on staires,
 And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd,
 Our Doublets and our hose with liquid
 stuffe:

Farewell you lusty Archers of the Guard,
 To whom I now doe give the bucklers up,
 And never more with any of your coate
 Will eat for wagers, now you happy be,
 When this shall light upon you, thinke on
 mee:

You Sewers, carvers, ushers of the court
 Simamed gentle for your faire demeane,
 Here I doe take of you my last farewell,
 May you stand stily in your proper places,
 and execute your offices aright.

Farewell you Maidens, with your mother
 eke,

Farewell you courtly Chaplaines that bee
 there,

All good attend you, may you never more
 Marry your Patrons Ladies wayting wo-
 man,

But may you rais'd be by this my fall
 May *Lazarello* suffer for you all.

Merc. Sir I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will heare nothing, I will breake
 my knife, the Ensigne of my former happy
 state, knock out my teeth, have them hung
 at a Barbers, and enter into Religion.

Boy. Why Sir, I thinke I know whether it
 is so.

Laz. See the rashnesse of man in his na-
 ture, whither? I doe unsay all that I have
 said, goe on; goe on: Boy, I humble my
 selfe and follow thee; Farewell Sir.

Mer. Not so Sir, you shall take a peece of
 Beefe with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mer. By my fay but you shall Sir, in re-
 gard of your love to learning, and your skill
 in the black Art,

Laz. I doe hate learning, and I have
 no skill in the black Art; I would I had.

Mer. Why your desire is sufficient to me,
 you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested cur-
 ses that can be imagined, light upon all the
 professors of that Art; may they be drunke,
 and when they goe to conjure, and reele in
 the Circle, may the spirits bythem rais'd,
 teare um in pieces, and hang their quar-
 ters on old broken walls, and Steeple
 tops.

Mer. This speech of yours, shewes you
 to have some skill in the Science, where-
 fore in civilltie, I may not suffer you to de-
 part empty.

Laz. My stomach is up, I cannot endure
 it, I will fight in this quarrell as soone as for
 my Prince.

*Drawer his Rapier
 Exeunt Om.*

Roome; make way:

Hunger commands, my valour must obey.

Finis Act. 3.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Enter Count and Arrigo.

Count. Is the Duke private?

Arr. He is alone, but I thinke your Lord-
 ship may enter,

Exit Count. Enter Gondarino

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The Count is new gone in; but the
 Duke will come forth before you can bee
 weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the doore.
Exit Arrigo.

The Woman Hater.

Gond. Doth he hope to cleare his fifter, shee will come no more to my house, to laugh at me : I have sent her to a habitation, where when she shall be seene, it will set a glosse upon her name ; yet upon my soule I have bestowed her amongst the purest hearted creatures of her sexe, and the freest from dissimulation ; for their deedes are all alike, onely they dare speake, what the rest think : the women of this age, if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sexe, are worse then those of former times ; for I have read of women, of that truth, spirit, and constancy ; that were they now living, I should indure to see them : But I feare, the writers of the time belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our age, to extoll their whores, which they call mistresses, with heavenly praises ? but I thanke their furies, and their craz'd braines, beyond beleefe : nay how many that would faine seeme serious, have dedicated grave words to ladies tooth-lesse, hollow, ei'd their haire shedding, purple fac'd, their nayles apparently coming off ; and the bridges of their noses broken downe and have called them the choyse handy workes of nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of women. Our women beginne to swarme like Bees in the summer : as I came hither, there was no payre of stayres, no entry, no lobby, but was pestred with them : me thinkes there might be some course taken to destroy them.

Enter Arrigo, and an old deaf country gentlewoman suter to the Duke.

Arrigo. I doe accept your money, walke here, and when the Duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thanke you heartily, I pray you who's he that walkes there ?

Arr. A Lord, and a Souldier, one in good favour with the Duke ; if you could get him to deliver your Petition---

Gentlew. What doe you say Sir ?

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kinnesse.

Arrig. You have already.

Exit Arrigo.

Gentlew. May it please your Lordship---

Gond. No, No.

Gentlew. To consider the estate---

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poore oppressed Country Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my Lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injurie, then I have been brought up to the Towne three times.

Gond. A pox on him, that brought thee to the Towne.

Gentlew. I thanke your good Lordship hartlie, though I cannot heare well, I know it grieves you ; and heere we have beene delaid, and sent downe againe, and fetched up againe, and sent downe againe, to my great charge : And now at last they have fetched me up, and five of my daughters---
Gond. Enough to damne five worlds.

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it, they are all without, if it please your Lordship, He call them in.

Gond. Five women ! how many of my fences should I have left me then ? call in five Devils first.

*No, I will rather walke with thee alone,
And heare thy tedious tale of injurie ;
And give thee answers ; whisper in thine eare,
And make thee understand ; through thy French-hood :
And all this with same patience.*

Gentlew. I see your Lordship does believe, that they are without, and I perceive you are much mov'd at our injurie : her's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may be you had rather here me tell it *twice* *twice* they say.

Gond. O no, no, no, no, I have heard it before, would I should hear it againe.

Gentlew.

The Woman Hater.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injurie, for a poore Gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never, but that it troubles my conscience, to with any good to these women; I could afford them to be valiant, and able, that it might not be no disgrace for a Souldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliver my petition to his grace, and you may tell him withall—

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against my selfe, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three a clocke, in the afternoone, I met my adversarye.

Gond. Give me thy paper, he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short my Lord, and I demanding of him—

Gond. He tell him that shall serve thy turne.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. He tell him that shall serve thy turne, begone: man never doth remember how great his offences are, till he doe meet with one of you, that plagues him for them: why should women above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgracefull to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keepe, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond. Againe, yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off.

Gentlew. A small gratiue for your kindness.

Gond. Hold away.

Gentlew. Why then I thanke your Lordship, he gather them up againe, and ile bee sworn, it is the first money, that was refus'd since I came to the court.

Gond. What can the devile so say more?

Gentlew. Truly I would have willingly parted with them to your Lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I beleeve it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus—

Gond. More yet.

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Doe, begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing, thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunitie, will conquer him too, in the end.

Gent. God blesse your Lordship, and all that favour poore distressed country gentlewoman.

Exit Gentlewoman.

Gond. All the diseases of man, light upon them that doe, and upon me when I doe. A weeke of such daids, would either make me starke mad, or tame mee: yonder other woman that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy finnes: dare they incense me still, I will make them feare as much to be ignorant of me and my moodes, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under. Who's there? My blood grew cold, I began to feare my Suters returne; 'tis the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaste, though she be young and free,

And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are, and that this Lord,
Out of the boundlesse malice to the sexe,
Hath throwne this scandall on her.

Gond. Fortune, besij'd me against my will, with this good old country gentlewoman; I beseech your grace, to view favourably the petition of a wronged gentlewoman.

Duke. What *Gondarinos* are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My Lord, they are no enemies of mine, I confesse the better to recover my deers, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it, as it is wisdom, to keepe close our incontinence, but since you have discovered me, I will no more put on that rizar, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you, as to my Confessor.

The Woman Hater.

Duke. What say you to this?

Count. He that confesses, he did once dis-
semble,

He never trust his words: can you imagine
A maide, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long untampt, by the noblest,
Richest, and cunningst masters in that Arte
And yet hath ever held a faire repute;
Could in one morning, and by him be
brought,

To forget all her vertue, and turne whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talke in
hand,

Then to accuse a sifter to her brother?

Nor doe I meane it for a publick scandall,

Vnlesse by urging me, you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure:

Gondarino, where is the Lady?

Count. At his house.

Gond. No, shee is departed thence.

Count. Wither?

Gond. Vrge it not thus, or let me be ex-
cus'd,

If what I speake betray her chastitie,

And both increase my sorrow, and your own?

Count. Feare me not so, if she deserve the
fame

Which shee hath gotten, I would have it
publisht,

Brand her my selfe, and whip her through
the cittie:

I wish those of my blood that doe offend,

Should be more strictly punishr, than my
foes.

Let it be proved.

Duke. **Gondarino,** Thou shalt prove it, or
suffer worse then she should doe.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the
faults

Of one, I love more deereley than my selfe,

Since opening hers, I shall betray mine
owne:

But I will bring you, where shee now in-
tends

Not to be vertuous: pride and wantonnesse,
That are true friends indeed, though not in
shew,

Have entred on her heart, there shee doth
bath,

And sleeke her haire, and practise cunning
lookes,

To entertaine me with; and hath her
thoughts

As full of lust, as ever you did thinke

Them full of modestie.

Duke. **Gondarino,** lead on, wee'l follow
thee.

Exunt.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA. II.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and
hopes he to meete his scholler; I am sure I
am grave enough, to his eyes; and knave
enough to deceive him: I am believed to
conjure, raise stormes, and diuels, by whose
power I can doe wonders; let him beleewe
to still, beliefe hurts no man: I have an ho-
nest black cloake, for my knavery, and a
Generall pardon for his foolerie, from this
present day, till the day of his Breaking. Ist
not a miserie, and the greatest of our age,
to see a handsome, young, faire enough, and
well mounted wench, humble her selfe, in
an old stammell petticoate, standing posselt
of no more fringe than the street can allow
her: her upper parts so poore and wanting,
that yee may see her bones through her bod-
ies: shooes she would have, if our cap-
taine were come over, and is content the
while to devote her selfe to ancient slippers.
These premisses well considered, gentlemen
will move, they make me melt I promise
yee, they stirre me much; and were't not for
my smooch, foffe, silken Citizen; I would
quit this transitorie trade, get sue and ever-
lasting robe, seare up my conscience, and
turne Serjeant. But here a comes, 'is mine as
good as prize: Sir **Pandar** be my speed, ye
are most fitly met fir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encountred, what
of this heire? hath your hookes been propi-
tions?

Pan.

The Woman Hater.

Pan. Sir, 'tis done, shee's come, shee is in my house, make your selfe apt for Courtship, stroke up your stockings, loose not an inch of your leggs goodnesse; I am sure yee weare socks;

Mer. There your bookes faile ye Sir, in truth I weare no socks.

Pand. I would you had Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your legges; get on your gloves, are they perfum'd?

Mer. A pretty wash ile assure you.

Pand. 'Twill serve: your offers must be full of bounty, velvets to furnish a gowne, silkes for petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining; forget not some pretty jewell to fasten, after some little complement? if shee deny this courtesie, double your bounties, bee not wanting in abundance, fulnesse of gifts, linckt with a pleasing tongue, will winne an Anchorite. Sir, yee are my friend, and friend to all that professes good letters; I must not use this office else, it fits not for a Schollar, and a Gentleman: those stockings are of *Naples*, they are silke.

Mer. Ye are againe beside your text; sir they are of the best of wooll, and they clyped *Jersey*.

Pan. Sure they are very deare.

Mer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning.

Pan. Pardon my judgement, wee schollars use no other objects, but our bookes.

Merc. There is one thing intomb'd in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your schollership.

Pand. Sir, but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine owne commendation, I would enquire it of you?

Merc. Sure you are very honest, and yet yee have a kind of modest feare to shew it: doe not deny it, that face of yours is a worthy learned modest face.

Pand. Sir, I can blush.

Mer. Vertue and grace are alwayes pair'd together: but I will leave to stirre your blood Sir, and now to our business.

Pand. Forget not my instructions.

Mer. I apprehend ye Sir, I will gather my self together with my best phrases, and so

I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pand. This was well worded Sir, and like a Schollar.

Merc. The Muses favour mee as my intents are vertuous; Sir ye shall be my Tutor, tis never too late Sir to love learning; when I can once speake true latine——

Pand. What doe you intend Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then begger all your Bawdy writers, and undertake at the perill of my owne invention, all Pageants, Poesies, for Chimnies, Speeches for the Dukes entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay I will build at mine owne charge an Hospitall, to which shall retire all diseased opinions, all broken Poets, all Prose-men that are fallen from small fence, to meere Letters; and it shall bee lawfull for a Lawyer, if he be a civill man, though a have undone others and himselfe by the language, to retire to this poore life, and learne to be honest.

Pand. Sir ye are very good, and very charitable: ye are a true patterne for the Citie Sir.

Merc. Sir, I doe know sufficiently their shop-bookes cannot save them, there is a further end——

Pand. Oh Sir! much may bee done by manuscript.

Merc. I doe confesse it Sir, provided still they bee Canonically, and I have some worthy hands set to um for probation: but we forget our selves.

Pand. Sir enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue.

Merc. All that love learning pray for my good successe.

Exit Merc.

ACTUS IIII. SCENA III.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir by all tokens this is the house, bawdy I am sure because of the broken windows, the fifth head is within, if ye dare venture, here you may surprize it.

Laz. The misery of man may fully bee compared to a Didapper, who when shee

The Woman Hater.

is under water past our fight, and indeed can seeme no more to us, rises againe, shakes but her selfe, and is the same shee was so is it still with transitory man, this day: oh but an houre since, and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mightie in blessed meanes, and was so truly happy, that I durst a said, live *Lazarello*, and bee satisfied: but now--

Boy. Srye are yet asfote, and may recover, bee not your owne wracke, here lies the harbour, goe in and ride at ease.

Laz. Boy I am received to bee a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a man of Action, modell, and wise, and bee it spoken with thy reverence Child, abounding vertuous; and would'st thou have a man of these choise habits, covet the cover of a bawdy house? yet if I goe not in, I am but--

Boy. But what Sir?

Laz. Dust boy, but dust, and my soule unsatisfied shall haunt the keepers of my blessed Saint, and I will appeare.

Boy. An asse to all men; Sir these are no meanes to stay your appetite, you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to Martiall Law--

Boy. If that bee all, Sir ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here that the Court is ignorant of, only the more eyes shall looke upon you, for there they winke one at another fault.

Laz. If I doe nor,

Boy. Then ye must beat fairly back, againe fall to your physicall melle of porridge, and the twice sackt carcase of a Capon, Fortune may favour you so much, to send the bread to it: but 'tis a meere venture, and money may be put out upon it.

Laz. I will goe in and live; pretend some love to the Gentlewoman, scrow my self in affection, and so be satisfied.

Par. This flie is caught, is masht already, I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle your selfe in your cloake by any meanes, 'tis a received thing among gallants to walke to their leachery, as though they had the rheume, was well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why Boy?

Boy. Faith Sir tis the fashion of our Gentry, to have their horses wait at doore like men, while the beasts their masters, are within at rack and manger, 'twould have discovered much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, formes, and grave respects of what I am, and be my selfe only my appetite, my fire, my soule, my being, my deare appetite shall goe along with me, as md with whose strength, I feareles will attempt the greatest danger dare oppose my furie: I am resolv'd where ever that thou art, most sacred dish, hid from unhallowed eyes, to find thee out.

Bee't thou in Hell, rap't by *Proserpina*,
To be a Rivall in black *Pharo's* love;
Or movest thou in the heavens, a forme d'
I a'hing the lazie Spheare

Or if thou bee'st return'd to thy first being,
Thy mother Sea, then will I seeke thee forth,
Earth, Ayre, nor Fire,

Nor the black shades below shal bar my sight
So daring is my powerfull appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut, you have forgot your selfe, the fish head's here, your owne imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous furie good my boy.

Boy. Faith Sir terme it what you will, you must use other termes before you can get it.

Laz. The looks of my sweet love are faire,
Fresh and feeding as the Aire.

Boy. Sir you forget your selfe.

Laz. Was never seene so rare a head,
Of any Fish alive or dead.

Boy. Good Sir remember: this is the house

Laz. Cursed be he that dare not venture.

Boy. Pity your selfe sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. For such a prize, and so I enter.

Exit Lazarello, and Boy.

Pan. Dun's ich myre, get out againe how hee can;

My honest gallant, ile shew you one rick
Than ere the fool your father dreamd of yet.

Madona Iulia?

Enter Madona Iulia, a whore.

Iulia. What newes my sweet rogue, my deere sinnes-broaker, what good newes?

Pan. There is a kinde of ignorant thing,
much like a Courtier, now gone in.

Iul.

The Woman Hater.

Jul. Is a gallant?

Pan. A shines not very gloriously, nor does a weare one skiane perfum'd to keepe the other sweet; his coate is not in Or, nor does the world runne yet on wheeles with him; h's rich enough, and has a small thing followes him, like to a boate tyed to a tall ships taile: give him entertaînement, be light and flashing like a Meteor, hug him about the neck, give him a kisse, and lipping crie, good Sir, and h's thine owne, as fast as a were tyed to thine armes, by Indenture.

Jul. I dare doe more than this, if a be a true Court cut; ile take him out a lesson worth the learning: but we are but their Apes; whats he worth?

Pan. Be he rich, or poore, if he will take thee with him, thou maist use thy trade from Constables, and Marshals: who hath bin here since I went out?

Jul. There is a gentlewoman sent hither by a Lord, shee's a peece of dainry stuffe my rogue, smooth and soft, as new Satten; she was never gumb'd yet boy, nor fretted.

Pan. Where lies shee?

Jul. She lies above, towards the street, not to be spoke with, but by my Lord that sent her, or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Enter Laz.

Pan. Peace, a comes out againe upon discovery; up with all your canvas, hale him in; and when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant Pinnacle.

Jul. Begone, I shall doe reason with him.

Laz. Are you the speciall beautie of this house?

Jul. Sir you have given it a more speciall regard by your good language, then these blacke browes can merit,

Laz. Lady you are faire.

Jul. Faire sir: I thanke yee? all the poore meanes I have left to be thought gratefull, is but a kisse, and ye shall have it Sir.

Laz. Ye have a very moving lip.

Jul. Prove it againe Sir, it may be your sence was set too high, and so over wrought it selfe.

Laz. 'Tis still the same: how farre may ye hold the time to be spent Lady?

Jul. Fourre a clocke fir.

Laz. I have not eate to day.

Jul. You will have the better stomacke: to your supper; in the meane time, Ile feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an emptie stomacke: if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eate?

Jul. Sir, we can have a Capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Jul. 'Tis Friday Sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these dayes.

Jul. Come sweet, ye shall not thinke on meat; Ile drowne it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feele it worke more strangely, I must eate.

Jul. 'Tis now too late to send; I say ye shall not thinke on meat: if ye doe, by this kisse Ile be angry.

Laz. I could be farre more sprightfull, had I eaten and more lasting.

Jul. What will you have Sir? name but the fish, my maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Me thinks your house should not be so unfurnisht, as not to have some pretty modicum?

(per?)

Jul. It is so now: but con'd ye stay till sup-

Laz. Sure I have offended highly and much, & my insinctions make it manifest, I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and dye forgotten.

Jul. Sir, I must crave your pardon, I had forgot my selfe; I have a dish of meat wishin, and it is fish, I think this Dukedome holds not a daintier: 'tis an *Vmbranes* head.

Laz. Lady, this kisse is yours, and this.

Jul. Hoe? within there? cover the board, and set the fish head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truly happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man, durst say, Remember *Lazarello*, thou art mortall.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2. *Int.* This is the villaine, lay hold on him.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2. *Int.* Sir, though you have carryed it a great while privately, & (as you thinke) well; yet we have seen you Sir, and we doe know thee *Lazarello*, for a traitor.

Laz. The Gods defend our Dukes.

2. *Int.* Amen, Sir, Sir, this cannot save that stiffe necke from the halter.

The Woman Hater.

Iul. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discover'd him, a should not have eaten under my rooffe for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him, when a cal'd for Fish.

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour--

1 Int. Sir ye shall have Law, and nothing els.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two, for I protest I am yet fasting.

Iul. He have no traytor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish my selfe, I had been Traytor, I have strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience: Man thou art but grassle, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.

Then lead along, J am prepar'd for all, Since J have lost my hopes, welcome my fall.

2 Int. Away sir.

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two houres, J doubt not but J shall be discharged; by this light J will marry thee:

Iul. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I doe contract my selfe unto thee now, before these Gentlemen.

Iul. He preserve it till you be hang'd or

Laz. Thanks, thanks (quitted.

2 Int. Away, away, you shall thanke her at the gallowes.

Laz. Adiew, adiew.

Exeunt Laz. *2 Intell.* and guard.

Iul. If he live, ile have him; if he be hang'd, there's no losse in it. *Exit*

Enter Oriana and her waiting woman:
looking out at a window.

Orian. Hast thou provided one to beare my letter to my brother.

Wait. I have enquir'd, but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to bee carried from you, but such as the Lord *Gondarino* shall be acquainted with: Truly Madam, I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Orian. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith I am loath to tell it Madam.

Orian. Out with it, 'tis not true modesty to feare to speake that thou dost thinke.

Wait. I thinke it to be one of these Bawdy houses.

Orian. 'Tis no matter wench, we are warm

in it, keep thou thy mind pure, and upon my word, that name will doe thee no hurt: I cannot force my selfe yet to feare any thing, when I doe get out, Ile another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit, I may get sight of some of my friends, it must needs bee a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Count, Arrigo

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguis'd for this house where shee attends mee, is not to be visited in our owne shapes.

Duk. We are not our selves.

Arri. I know the house to be sinfull enough, yet I have been heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my owne likenes.

Duk. Where's *Lucio*?

Arri. My Lord, hee said the affaires of the Common-wealth would not suffer him to attend alwayes.

Duk. Some great ones questionlesse that he will handle.

Count. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See how Fortune strives to revenge my quarrell upon these women, shee's in the window, were it not to undoe her, I should not looke upon her.

Duk. Lead us *Gondarino*.

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,

Looke there, and you my Lord, know you that face?

Duk. Is't shee?

Count. It is. (was

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest vertue ever Disimulation, shee that still hath strove More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it: Shee that hath ever sought to be accountt Most vertuous, when shee did deserve most scandall:

'Tis shee that itches now, and in the height Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eys Expects my coming to allay her lust: Leave her, forget shee's thy sister.

Count. Stay, stay.

Duk. I am as full of this as thou canst be, The memory of this will easily Hereafter stay my loose & wandring thought From any woman.

Count. This will not down with me, I dare not trust this fellow.

Duke.

The Woman's Master.

Dr. Leave her here; her honesty shall be her punishment, never to be fetter'd from hence; under her use her trade to get her living.

Count. Stay, good my Lord, I doe belevee all this, as great men as I have had knowne whores to their sisters and have laugh'd at it; I would faine heare how shee makes, since shee grew thus slight: will your grace make him shew himselfe to her, as if he were now come to satisfy her longing? whilest we unseenne of her, over-heare her wantonnes, let's make our best of it now we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it *Gondarino*.

Gent. I must; fortune assists me but this once.

Count. Here we shall stand unseenne, and *Gond. Madam, Orianne* (neere enough).

Orie. Whose that? O! my Lord?

Gond. Shall I come up?

Orie. O you are merry, shall I come downe?

Gond. It is better there.

Orie. What is the confession of the lye you made to the Duke, which I scarce belevee yet you had impudence enough to do? did not gaine you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lo. bestowing till you had recovered my credit, and confess you selfe a liar, as you pretended to doe? I confesse I began to feare you, and desir'd to be out of your house, but your owne followers forc'd me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected; dissemble still; for there are some may heare us.

Orie. More trickes yet, my Lord? what house this is I know not, I only know my self. it were agreat conquest if you could fasten a scandale upon me: faith my Lord, give me leave to write to my brother?

Duk. Come downe.

Count. Come downe. (doore.)

Arr. If it please your grace ther's a backe

Count. Come meet us there then?

Duk. It seemes you are acquainted with

Arr. I have bin in it. (the house.)

Gond. She saw you and dissembled.

Duk. Sir, we shall know that better, (not

Gond. Bring me unto her; if I prove her

To be a strumpet, let me be content'd

Of all her sex. *Exit.* *Finis Act. 4.*

ACT. V. SCENA I.

Enter Luc.

Luc. Now whilst the young Duke follows

his delights,

We that do stand next to practise in the State,
Must pick out times and see our faces in;
And nod our heads as it may prove most fit
For the maine good of the deare Common-
wealth:

Whose within these? *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. My Lord.

Luc. Secretary, fetch the gowne I use to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French Letters with; and call in the gentleman that attends me.

Little know they that doe not deale in State,
How many things there are to be observ'd;
Which seeme but little; yet by one of us
(Whose braines doe winde about the Com-
mon wealth)

Neglected, cracke our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and a servant.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your favour, I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'd without a tooth-pinke in a rib-ban, or a ring in my bandstrings.

Gent. Your Lordship sent for me?

Luc. I did: Sir your long practice in the state under a great man hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it in short & inprivate I desire your directions, I take my study already to be furnish'd after a grave and wise methode.

Gent. What will this Lord do?

Luc. My book-strings are furable and of a reaching colour.

Gent. How's this?

Luc. My Standish of Wood strange and sweete, and my fore flap hangs in the right place, and as neare *Machievell*, as can be gathered by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fooles in their lodgings? this Lord must be followed: and hath your Lordship some new made words to scatter in your speeches (in publicke) to gaine notes, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispend of them at dinner?

Luc. I have sir: and besides my severall gownes and caps agreeable to my severall occasions.

Gent. This well, and you have learn'd to write a bad hand, that the Readers may take paines for it.

E

Luc.

The Women Hater.

Luc. Yet he will give me I have the paltry
Gent. Good, twice better though, if you
had in, your Lo. hath a Secretary, that can
write faire, when you purpose to be under-
stood.

Luc. Faith sir I have one, there he stands,
he hath bin my secretary this seven yeares,
but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is
not a misse, so he keep his owne counsell:
your Lo. hath no hope of the gout?

Luc. Vnto little sir, since the paine in my
right fore left me.

Gent. It will be some scandale to your wife
dome, though I see your Lo. knows it e-
nough in publike businesse.

Luc. I'm not inmploy'de (though to my
dislett) in occasions forraigne, nor frequented
for matters domesticall.

Gent. Not frequented? what course takes
your Lordship?

Luc. The readiest way, my doore stands
winde, my Secretary knows I am not deny-
ed to any.

Gent. In this (I give me leave) your Lord-
ship is out of the way, make a back doore to
let out Intelligencers; seeme to be ever bu-
sied, and put your doore under keepers, and
you shall have a troope of clients sweating to
come at you.

Luc. I have a back-dore already, I will
henceforth be busie, secretary run vnder
the doore. *Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch am? *Enter Secretary.*

Luc. I hope so. *Exit Secretary.*

Secr. My Lord, there are some require ac-
cesse to you about weightie affaires of state.

Luc. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Luc. How weightie in the businesse?

Secr. Treason my Lord.

Luc. Sir, my debts to you for this are

Gent. I will leave your Lordship now.

Luc. Sir my death must be sadaine, if I
scutize you not at the backe doore good Sir.

Gent. I will be your Lordships intelligencer
for once.

Exit Gentlemen, Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord.

Luc. Let me in, and say, I am at my studie.

Enter Lucio, and two Ladies, Lucio, and two Ladies, Lucio, and two Ladies.

Lucio being at his study.
In. Whence is your Lord?

Secr. At his studie, but he will have you
brought in.

Lucio. Why Gentlemen, what will you
charge me withall?

In. Treason, horrible treason. I hope
to have the leading of thee to prison, and
pricke thee on ith arse with a halbert, so
have him hang'd that salutes thee, and call
all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Lucio. My thred is spumae, yet might I but
call for this dist of meat at the gallowes, in
stead of a psalme, it were to be inspired:
the Curtaine opens, now my end drawes on.

Secretary drawes the curtaine.

Lucio. Gentlemen I am not empty of weightie
occasions at this time; I pray you your
businesse.

In. My Lord, I thinke we have discov-
er'd one of the most bloodie Traitors, that e-
ver the world held.

Lucio. Signior Lazarillo, I am glad ye are
one of this discovery, give me your hand.

In. My Lord that is the Traitor.

Lucio. Keepe him off, I would, not for my
whole estate have toucht him.

In. My Lord.

Lucio. Peace Sir, I know the devil is at
your tongues end, to furnish you with speech-
es: what are the particulars? you charge him
with. *They deliver a paper to Lucio, who reads.*

In. We confest our noses, and have
extracted that, which we will justifie upon
our oathes.

Lucio. That he would be greater than the
Duke, that he had cast plots for this, &c. meant
to corrupt some to betray him, that he would
burne the Cittie, kill the Duke, and possion
the privie Councells; and lastly kill himselfe.
Though thou deserv'st justly to be hang'd,
with silence yet I allow thee to speake, be
short.

Lucio. My Lord, so may my greatest wish
to may I live, and compasse what I seeke,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of my creatures but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, Fishes, and such other humane food,
As is provided for the good of man.

If stealing Cuckards, Turkes, and Florentines

as well as I, I would not have you so.

By some late Statute be created treason:
How many Fellow-Courtiers can I bring,
Whose long attendance and experience,
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I.

Luci. Peace, such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious Master the Duke, in all his Proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly; that malice would long ere this have hid her selfe in her den, and have turn'd her owne sting against her owne heart: but I well perceive, that so froward is the disposition of a depraved nature, that it doth not onely seek revenge, where it hath received injurie; but many times thirst after their destruction, where it hath met with benefice.

Lez. But my good Lord, —
Luci. Let's gagge him.

Luci. Peace againe, but many times thirst after destruction, where it hath met with benefice; there I left: Such, and no better are the busines that we have now in hand.

In. Hee's excellently spoken.

In. Hee'l wind a Traitor's warrant him.

Luci. But surely me thinks, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all inward convulsions.

In. Hee'l be hang'd, I know by that word.

Lez. Your Lordship may consider —

Luci. Hold thy peace: thou canst not answer this speech: no Traitor can answer it: but because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confessed the Treason.

In. The Count Valore was the first that discovered him, and can witness it; but he left the matter to your Lordships grave consideration.

Luci. I thank his Lordship, carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Lez. Now *Lazarillo* thou art tumb'd down The hill of fortune, with a violent arme; All plagues that can bee, famine, and the sword

Will light upon thee, black despaire will In thy despairing breast, no comfort by, Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh.

Luci. Away with him, Ile follow you, looke your prison him, and take his money from him; let he swallow a stilling and kill himselfe.

In. Get thou on before.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gonsalvo, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now *Gonsalvo*, what can you ppe That may againe deceive us, (on now Have ye more strange illusions, yet more misis, Through which the weak eye may be led Both for her wronged honor, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say or may is said already: She is unchast, or else I have no knowledge, I doe not breath, not have the use of office.

Duke. Dure ye be yet so wilfull, ignorant of your owne nakednesse: did not your servants In mine owne hearing confesse

They brought her to that house wee found her in,

Almost by force, and with a great distrust Offense ensuing hazard

Count. Hee hath begun so worthily, It fits not with his resolution

To leave off this: my Lord I know these are but idle proofes.

What sayes your Lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce againe, thy Sister is not honest.

Count. You are your selfe my Lord; I like your settlednesse.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienced in the dark hidden wayes of women: Thou dar'st affirme with confidence a Lady of fifcene may be a maid.

Count. Sir, if it were not so, I have a sister would set neere my heart.

Gond. Let her sit neere her shame, it better fits her: call back the blood that made our streame in neerenesse, and turne the Current to a better use: tis too much mudded, I doe grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'st thou make up againe, dar'st thou turn face, knowing we know thee, hast thou not been discovered openly? did not our ears heare her deny thy courtings? did we not see her blush with modest anger, to bee so overtaken by a trick; can ye deny this Lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace, and her kind brother

The Woman-Hater

brother,
Been within leuell other eyes. To A (her,
You should have backe better holley from
More full of blood and fire, ready to leape
from the window where she stood.

Soc truly sensuall is her appetite.
Duke. Sir, fit these are but words and
tricks, give me the prooffe.

Coun. What need a written prooffe than
your Lordship, I am sure ye have laine with
her my Lord.

Gond. I have confest it Sir.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit with-
out witness.

Gond. Doe's your Grace thinke we cari-
ry seconds with us, to search us, and see fair
play: your Grace hath beene ill usor'd in
the businesse, but if you hope to try her tru-
ly, and satisfie your selfe what fragillie is,
give her the Test, do not remember Count
she is your sister, nor let my Lord the Duke
believe thee is false, but push her to it with-
out hope or pitie, then ye shall see that gol-
den forme she off, that all eyes wonder at
for pure and fixt, and under it base blushing
copper; mettall not worth the meaneest hon-
our: you shall behold her, then my Lord
Transparent looke through her heart, and
view the spirits how they leape, and tell me
then, I did belie the Lady.

Duke. It shall be done: come Gondarino
beare us company.

Wee doe beleve thee: shee shall die, and
thou shalt see it.

Enter Lazarillo, a Intelligencer, and Guard.
How now my friends, who have you guard-
ed higher?

2 In. So please your Grace wee have dis-
cover'd a villaine and a Traytor: the Lord
Lucio hath examin'd him, and sent him to
your Grace for Judgement.

Count. My Lord, I dare absolve him from
all sin of Treason: I know his most ambition
is but a dish of meat; which he hath hunted
with so true a scent, that hee deserveth the
Collar, not the halter.

Duke. Why doe they bring him thus
bound up? the poore man had more need
of some warme meat, to comfort his cold
stomack.

Coun. Your Grace shall have the same
herafter, when you shall laugh more freely:

But these are call'd informers: men that live
by Treason; as Rat-catchers doe by poison.

Duke. Would there were no heavier pro-
diges hung over us, than this poore fellow;
I durst redeeme all perils ready to poore
themselves upon this State, with a cold
custard.

Coun. Your Grace might doe it without
danger to your person.

Lazar. My Lord, if ever I intended trea-
son against your person, or the State, unless
it were by wishing from your Table some
dish of meat, which I must needs confesse,
was not a subjects part: or coveting by
stealth sups from those noble bottles, that
no mouth keeping allegiance true, should
dare to tast: I must confesse, with more
than covetous eye, I have beheld those dear
conceal'd dishes that have been brought in
by cunning equipage; to waite upon your
Graces pallate: I doe confesse out of this
present hearty have had Stratagems and
Ambuscadoes, but God bee thanked they
have never rooke.

Duke. Count this busines is your own; when
you have done, repaire to us. Exit Duke.

Coun. I will attend your Grace: Lazar-
lo, you are at liberty, be your owne man a-
gaine; and if you can be master of your wil-
thes, I wish irie may be so.

Lazar. I humbly thanke your Lordship:
I must be unmannerly, I have some present
busines; once more I heartily thanke your
Lordship.

Count. Now even a word or two to you,
and so farewell: you thinke you have de-
serv'd much of this State by this discovery:
y're a slavish people, growne subject to the
common course of all men. How much un-
happy were that noble spirit, could worke
by such baser gins; what misery would not
a knowing man put on with willingnes, et
he see himselfe growne fat and full fed, by
fall off those you rise by? I do discharge ye
my attendance; our healthfull state needes
no such Leeches to suck out her blood.

Int. I doe beseech your Lordship.

2 In. Good my Lord.

Coun. Ob! learne to be more honest, what
I see you work your meanes from honest in-
dustrie.

Exit Informers.
I will be willing to accept your labors.

The Woman Hater.

Will then I will keep back my proudest favors:
Hence comes an other remnant of folly and I

Enter Lucio I must dispatch him too. Now Lord Lucio,
what business brings you hither?

Lucio. Faith Sir, I am discovering what will
become of that notable piece of treason, entered
by that varlet *Lazarello*. I have sent him
to the Duke for judgement.

Count. Sir you have performed the part of
a most careful states-man, and let me say it
to your face, Sir of a Father to this state: I
would wish you to retire, and in conscience your
self in studie: for such is your daily labor, &
our feare, that our losse of an houre may
breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir I will be commanded by your
judgement, and though I finde it a trouble
scarcely to be waded through, by these weake
yeares yet for the dear care of the common-
wealth, I will bruise my braines, and confine
my selfe to much vexation.

Count. Goes, and mayest thou knock downe
Treason like an Oxe. *Lucio.* Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, Francisina.

Mer. Have I spoke thus much in the hon-
or of learning? learn'd the names of the
severall liberal Sciences; before my mari-
age; and since, have in hast written Epistles
congratulatory, to the 9. Muses, and is she
prov'd a whore and a beggar?

Pan. 'Tis true, you are not now to be taught,
that no man can be learn'd of a suddaine; let
not your first project discourage you, what
you have lost in this, you may get againe in
Alchymie.

Frân. Feare not husband, I hope to make
as good a wife, as the best of your neighbours
have, and as honest.

Mer. I will goe home; good sir doe not
publish this, as long as it runn's amongst our
selves; 'tis good honest mirth: you'l come
home to supper; I meane to have all her
friends and mine as ill as it goes.

Pan. Do wisely sir, and bid your owne
friends, your whole wealth will scarce feast
all hers, neither is it for your credit, to walke
the streets, with a woman so noted; get you
home, and provide her cloathes; let her come
an houre hence with an hand basket and shif-
her selfe, she'l serve to sit at the upper end
of the Table and drinke to your customers.

Mer. Arte is just and will make me amends
Pan. No doubt sir.

Mer. The chiefe note of a Scholler you
say, is to governe his passions: therefore I
doe take all patiently; in signe of which my
deare wife, I do kisse thee: make haste home
after mee, I shall be in my Studie. *Exit Mer.*

Pan. Goe, a vaunt, my new Citie dame,
send me what you promised me for conside-
ration; & may it thou prove a Lady. (for it)

Frân. Thou shalt have it, his filkes shall flye

Enter Lazarello and his boy. Exeunt.

Lazarello. How sweet is a Calme after a
tempest, what is there now that can stand
betwixt mee & felicity? I have gone through
all my crosses constantly; have confounded
my enemies, and know where to have my
longing satisfied; I have my way before me,
there is the doore, and I may freely walke
into my delights: knocke Boy.

Julia. Who's there? *Enter Julia.*

Laz. Madona my love, not guiltie, not
guiltie; open the doore.

Julia. Art thou come sweet heart?

Laz. Yes to my lost embraces; and the
rest of my overflowing blisses; come let us in
and swim in our delights: a short grace as
we goe, and so to meat.

Julia. Nay my deare love, you must beare
with me in this; we'll to the Church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then.

Julia. By my love you shall.

Laz. I am content, for I do now wish to
shout off longer, to whet my appetite, and
do desire to meet with more troubles, so I
might conquer them.

And as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh & teares;
Whil'st he pursu'd his wench & hath observ'd
The smiles & frownes, not daring to displease
When at last, hath with his service woo'd
Her yeelding heart; that she begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his necke, & woes him more:
Then ever he desir'd her love before:

Then begins to flatter his desert,
And growing wanton, needes will cast her off;
Trie her pickt quarrels, to breed fresh detest:
And to increase his pleasing appetite (light)

Jul. Come: Moulie, will you walke?

Laz. I pray thee let me be deliver'd of the
joy I am so big with; I do feele that high heat

E. 3. within

The Woman Hater.

Within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal?

How I condemn my fellows in the Court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse,
And in a lower and a humbler key
Did walke & meditate on grosser meates:
There are they still poore rogues, shaking

their chops,
And sneaking after cheques, and doe runne
Headlong in chafe of every jacks of Beere
That crosse them in hope of some repast,
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight, that ever see his tooch
To a deere noveltie: approach my love,
Come let's goe to knit the true loves knot,
that never can be broken.

Boy. That is to marry a whore. (the gift,

Lex. When that is done, then will we taste
Which Fates have sent my fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you'll begin to
repent, upon a full stomacke; but I see, 'tis
but a forme in destiny, not to be altered.

Enter Arrigo, and Oriana. Exit.

Orian. Sir, what may be the currant of your
businessse, that thus you single out your time
and place?

Arrigo. Madames, the businessse now im-
posed upon me, concernes you neerely; I wish
some worse man might finish it.

Or. Why are ye chaine'd so? are ye not
well fir?

Arr. Yes madam, I am well, w'd you were

Oria. Why fir? I feele my selfe in perfect
health.

Arr. And yet ye cannot live long, madam.

Oria. Why good Arrigo?

Arr. Why? ye must die.

Or. I know I must, but yet my fate calls
not upon me. Arr. It does; this hand the
Duke commands shall give you death.

Orian. Heaven, and the powers divine;
guard well the innocent. some good,

Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your foul
That sure your body cannot meritt by vs:
You must prepare to die.

Orian. What's my offence? what have these
yeeres committed?

That may be dangerous to the Duke or
Have I conspired by poison have I set up,

My honour to some loose unlesd blood
That may give action to my plots?

Deare sir, let me not dye ignorant of my

Arr. Ye shall not. (honest)

Then tady, you must know, you are held in
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in
court.

With two much griefe condemne yethough
The fault deserves not to be paid with death
Orian. Who is my accuser?

Arr. Lord Gondarino.

Orian. Arrigo, take these wordes, and bear
them to the Duke;

It is the last petition I shall aske thee: (forth
Tel him the child, this present houre brought
To see the world, ha's not a soule more pure,
more white,

(darino
More virgin then I have Tell him Lord Gon-
Plot, I suffer for, and willingly: tell him it had
been a greater honour, to have sav'd him
kill'd: but I have done: strike I am arm'd
for heaven. Why stay you? is there any hope?

Arr. I would not strike. (known)

Orian. Have you the power to save?

Arr. With hazard of my life if it should.

Orian. You will not venture that?
Ar. I will Lady: there is that means yet to
escape your death, if you can wisely appre-
hend.

Orian. Ye dare not be so kind.

Ar. I dare, and wish if you dare but deserve

Oria. If I should slight my life, were too blame.

Arr. Then Madam, this is the means, or
else you die: I love you.

Orian. I shall believe it, if you save my life.

Arr. And you must lie with me.

Orian. I dare not buy my life so.

Arr. Come ye must resolve, say yea or no.

Orian. Then no; nay look not ruggedly up-
on me,

I am made up too strong to feare such lookes:
Come, doe your butchers part: before I
would with life, with the deare losse of hon-
our, I dare find meanes to free my selfe.

Arr. Speake, will ye yeild?

Orian. Villaine, I will not murderer; do
thy worst thy base unnobble thoughts dare
prompt thee to; I am above thee slave.

Arr. Will thou not bee drawne to yeild
by faire persuasions?

Orian. No; nor by

Arr. Peace, know your doom: this your
Ladship must remember, you are not now at
home where you dare feast all that come
about you; but you are still in under my mer-
cie

The Woman Hater.

Which shall be but final? If thou refuse to
 will: hear what I have turn'd into, my selfe,
 I will enjoy thee though it bee betweene the
 parting of thy soule and body, yeld yet and
 live. (the tother.

Oria. He guard the one, let Heaven guard
Arr. Are you so resolute then? *Duke from*
above. Hold, hold I say. (tragedy)

Oria. What? I yet more terrou to my
Arr. Lady, the scene of bloud is done; ye
 are now as free from scandall, as from death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gendarins.
Duke. Thou woman which wert borne to
 teach men vertue. (thoughts)

Faire, sweet, and modest maid forgive my
 My trespass was my love. Seize *Gendarins*,
 let him wait our doomes.

Grand. I doe begin a little to love this wo-
 man; I could endure her already twelve
 miles off.

Count. Sister, I am glad you have brought
 your honour off so fairely, without loss: you
 have done a worke above your sex, the Duke
 admires it; give him faire encounter.

Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this
 hand, and call it mine?

Oria. I am your Graces handmaid.

Duke. Would ye had sed my life: might
 it not be so Lady?

Count. Sister, say I, I know you can afford it.

Oria. My Lord, I am your subject, you may
 command me, provided still your thoughts be
 fair and good. (so,

Du. Here I am yours, and when I cease to be
 Let heaven forget me: thus I make it good.

Oria. My Lord, I am no more mine owne.

Count. So: this bargain was well driven.

Grand. Duke, thou hast sold away thy selfe to
 all perdition; thou art this present houre be-
 coming Cuckold: me thinkes I see thy gaule
 grate through thy veines, and jealousie leize
 thee with her talons: I know that womans
 nose must be cut off, she cannot scape it.

Duk. Sir, we have punishment for you.

Oria. I doe beseech your Lordship for the
 wrongs this man hath done me, let mee pro-
 nounce his punishment.

Du. Lady, I give't to you, he is your owne.

Grand. I doe beseech your Grace, let me bee
 banisht with all the speed that may be.

Count. Stay still, you shall attend her sentence.

Oria. Lord *Gendarins*, you have wrong'd me

highly; yet since it spring from an honest
 hate to mee, but from a generall dislike to
 all women, you shall thus suffer for it, *Arr*,
 call in some Ladies to assist us, will your Grace
 make you State?

Count. My Lord, I doe beseech your Grace for
 any punishment saving this woman, let me bee
 sent upon discovery of some Island, I doe de-
 sire but a small Gondele, with ten Holland
 Cheefes, and ile undertake it.

Oria. Sir, ye must be content, will ye sit down?
 nay doe it willingly: *Arrigo*, tie his arms close
 to the chaire, I dare not trust his patience.

Grand. Mai! thou be quickly old and paint-
 ed; mai! thou doze upon some sturdy Ye-
 man of the wood-yard, and he be honest, mai!
 thou be bar'd the lawfull lechery of thy Coach
 for want of instruments; and last, bee thy
 wombe unopen'd.

Du. This fellow hath a pretty gaule. (part,

Count. My Lord, I hope to see him purg'd ere a
Enter Ladies.

Oria. Your Ladships are welcome:
 I must desire your helpe, though you are no
 physicians, to doe a strange cure upon this
 Gentleman.

Ladies In what we can assist you Madam, ye
 may command us.

Grand. Now do I sit like a Coniurer within my
 circle, and these the Devils that are rais'd about
 me, I will pray that they may have no power
 upon mee.

Oria. Ladies, fall off in couples, then with a
 soft still march, with low demourers, charge
 this Gentleman, ile be your leader.

Grand. Let me be quarter'd Duke quickly,
 I can endure it: these women long for mans
 flesh, let them have it.

Duke. Count, have you ever seen a strange
 passion? what would this fellow doe, he would
 find himselfe in bed with a young Ladie?

Count. Faith my Lord, if a con d get a knife,
 sure a wo'd cut her throat, or else a wo'd doe
 as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, swing out her soule:
 h'as the true hate of a woman in him.

Oria. Low with your curieyes Ladies.

Grand. Come not too neere mee, I have a
 breath will poison ye, my lungs are rotten,
 and my stomack is aw? I am given much to
 belching: hold off, as you love sweet flesh: La-
 dies, by your first night pleasures, I conjure
 you, as you wo'd have your husbands proper

